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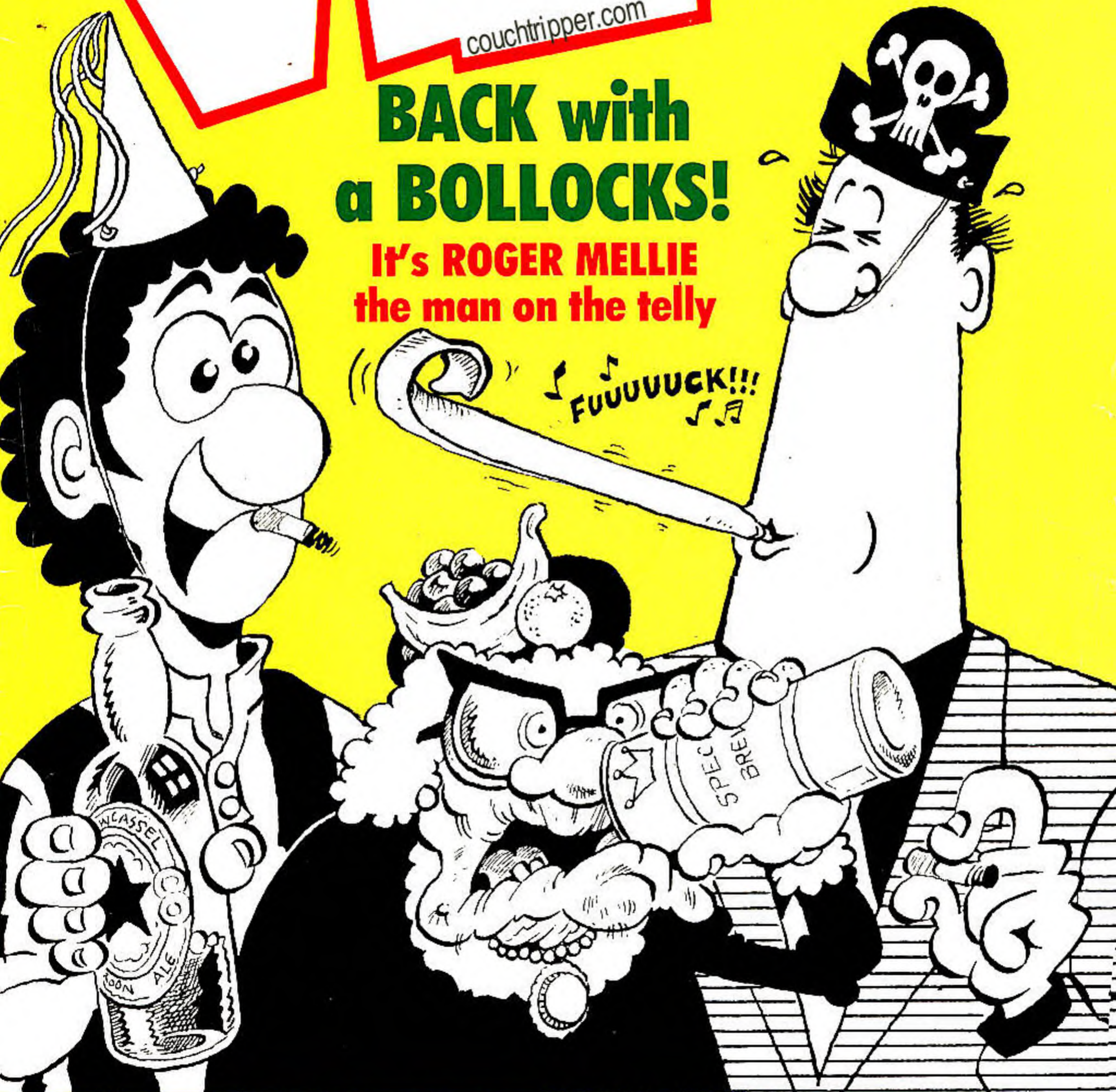
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**BACK with
a BOLLOCKS!**

**It's ROGER MELLIE
the man on the telly**

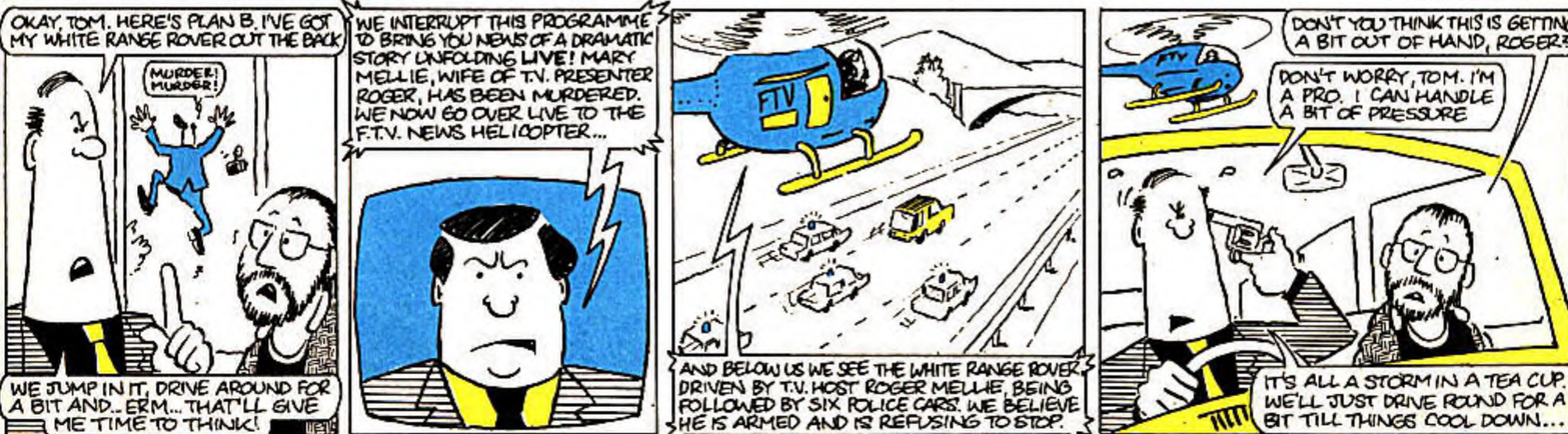
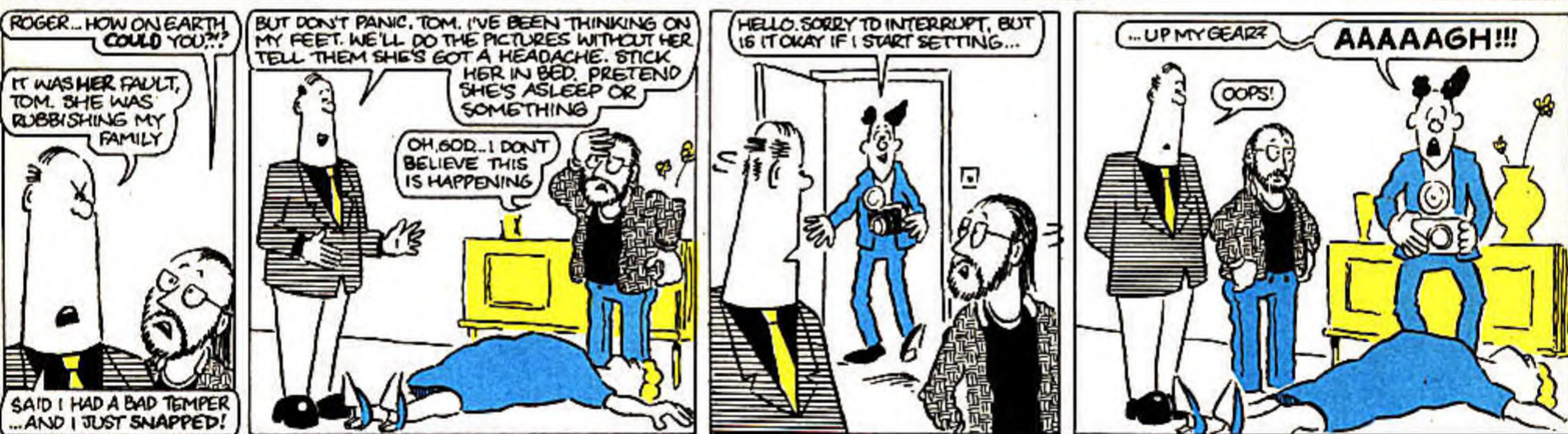
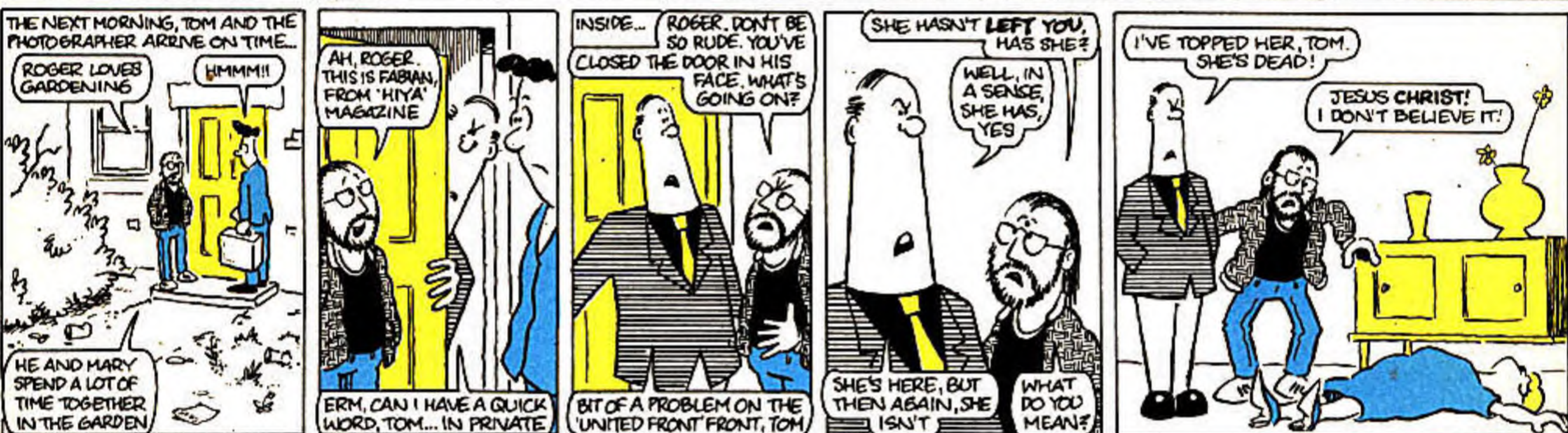
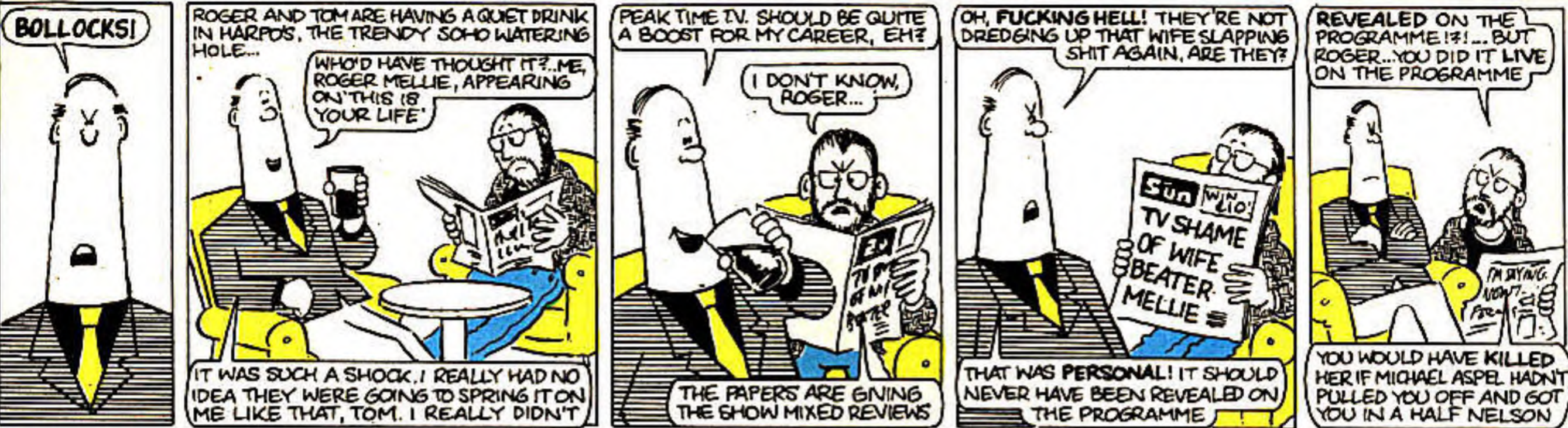
FUUUUUCK!!!



PISSMAS SPEWTACULAR featuring **SID THE SEXIST**
8 ACE MRS BRADY THE OLD LADY SPOILT BASTARD and stuff

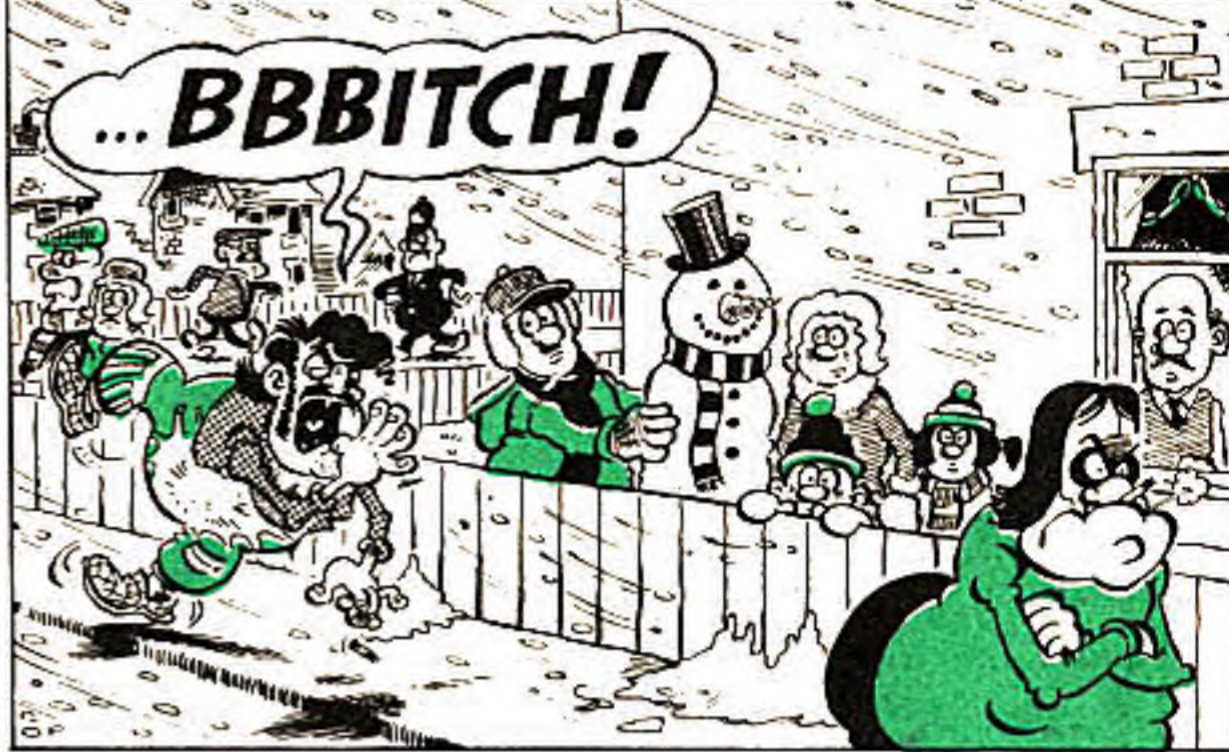
Now as funny as it used to be again - but for a limited period only

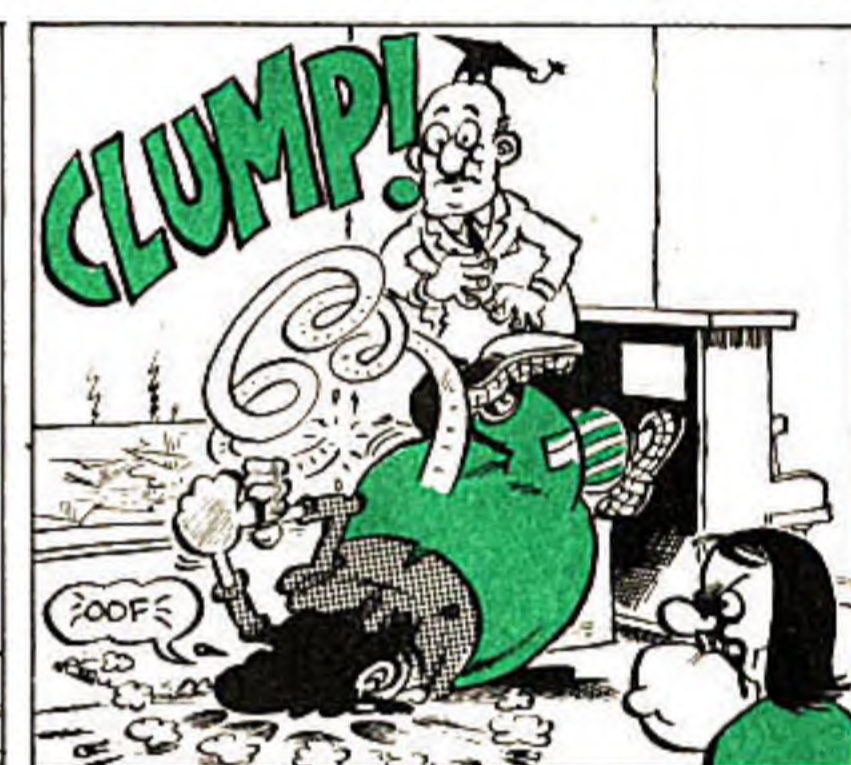
ROGER MELLIE-THE MAN ON THE TELLY



Don't miss the trial of R.J.Mellie - LIVE in the next issue!

8 ACE







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Letterbocks

Bum note

I doubt whether John Lennon could have sung the immortal line "What-ever gets you through the night, s'alright, s'alright" with much conviction had he just woken to find his partner anally masturbating with his toothbrush in the early hours.

Andrew Francis
Manchester

I played the latest Beatles single "Free As A Bird" to my pet budgerigar, but he failed totally to see the irony of the situation.

A. Faith
West Bromwich

My Grandad always warned us against keeping two pencils in the same pocket. "They could rub together while you're running for a bus, and set your trousers on fire", he'd say. He passed away some years ago, but it is doubtless thanks to him that I have never kept two pencils in the same pocket, and my trousers have never caught fire while running for a bus.

G. Dog
Kennel, Herts.

That's Wife

Desmond Wilcox has received a lot of sympathy after announcing that he is going deaf. Frankly, if I was married to Esther Rantzen and found I could no longer hear her voice, I'd need plastic surgery to get the fucking smile off my face.

G. Fish
Bowl, near Glossop

P.S. And I'd ask the surgeon to sew my eyelids up while he was at it.

The name for the condition 'diarrhoea' comes from the Greek for 'freely flowing'. And the name 'constipation' comes from the Latin 'tightly packed together'. I wonder if any readers could tell me what these conditions would have been known as had 'diarrhoea' been taken from the Latin, and 'constipation' from the Greek?

Matt Lancey
Southampton



I don't wish to tell Channel Tunnel engineers their job, but a sensible fire precaution would surely be to drill lots of small holes in the roof of the tunnel, and fill them with plastic plugs. Should a fire occur the plastic plugs would melt, and water from the sea would come in the holes creating an automatic 'sprinkler' effect.

R. I. Lung
Dishforth Roundabout

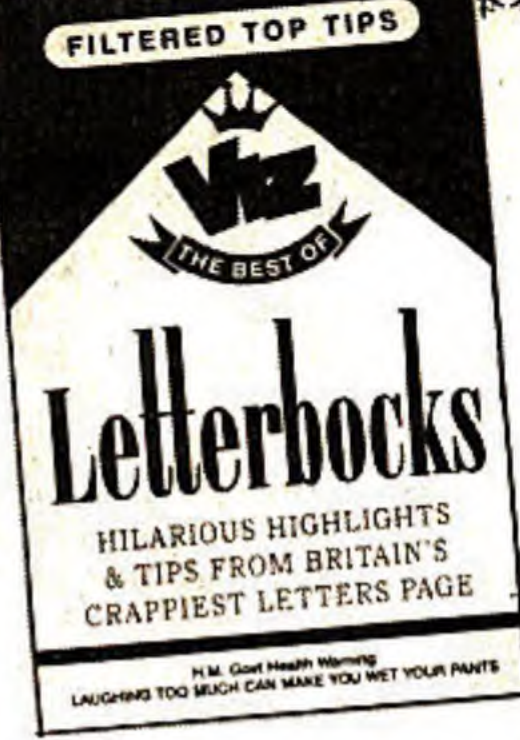
In reply to Mark Roberts' letter (issue 80). If we don't use the term "versus" in English law, then what the fuck does the 'V' stand for in "Regina V (insert defendant's name here)" as seen on court lists up and down the country? Maybe it stands for Vociferous southern wanker who likes dressing up as a soldier at weekends?

John Warburton
Crumpsall, Manchester

Big muck and flies

I am a little concerned about McDonalds Restaurant threatening to take that lady to court for calling her cafe 'McMunchies'. I am a gardener, and I regularly use a "muck fork" to move cow shit too and fro across my flower beds. Am I breaching their copyright?

Richard Hobbs
Tresco, Isles of Scilly



The brand new Letterbocks book, featuring words of wisdom, wit, bollocks and shit, is available now in the shops priced £4.99. Hilarious highlights from Britain's piss poorest page, plus tons of Top Tips. We'll be sending a copy to all letter writers in this issue (cos it's a lot cheaper than sending them a tenner).

I recently visited a small village in Tongo where I sampled the local narcotic brew Kava, made from roots and tasting like grass clippings flavoured pond water. As you can see from the photo, the village was somewhat appropriately named.

Terry Collister
NSW, Australia



I'm sick to fuck of newspaper buying bastards who skip the queue just because they've got the right money and they've got a train or bus to catch. Fuck off. If you want to buy a paper, get up earlier, and join the queue like everyone else.

G. McKendrick
Glasgow

Letterbocks
P.O. Box 1PT
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE99 1PT



The hypocrisy of Terry Wogan and his media cohorts, whose cushy job it is to run the BBC's 'Children In Need' appeal, is breathtaking. Over recent years they have consistently raised millions and millions of pounds playing on our heart-strings, yet after all this time Pudsey the bear is still awaiting his vital eye operation.

Matthew W.
Swansea

Until recently I spent my Sunday mornings shopping at the local Safeway store. But I have been so impressed by the new Church of England logo and advertising campaign that I now go to church on Sundays instead. Perhaps, like the major supermarkets, the church should introduce a 'loyalty card' scheme, whereby regular worshippers build up points as they pray or sing hymns. These points could then be converted into cash and knocked off the amount they have to put in the collection plate.

H. Bee
Hive, Essex



□ I was inspired by Jim Loughran's letter (issue 80) to formulate a General Theorem of the visibility of Manchester United supporters in any given week, in areas where large concentrations of them are known to exist (e.g. South London). I discovered that:

$$V = (H \frac{1}{R^2}) \pm 10\%$$

Where V = the number of the little shits seen in any week, H = the depth of hatred felt by opposing supporters in that week (on a scale of 0.5 to 1.0), and R = the result of their last match (opponents score minus Manchester United's score). So, if for example United lost five nil to Newcastle:

$$H = 1.0, R^2 = 25$$

Therefore in the week that followed the visibility of Man. United supporters would be 96% lower than usual.

Andrew Warmington
Clapham

* Eh?

□ Hang on a minute. In a recent poll Liverpool - and *not* Manchester United - were found to have the largest proportion of fans living outside the club's home city. (This is probably because most scousers are never in Liverpool for long, as they're either travelling around selling clothes pegs and tarmac, or they're tucked away in various jails up and down the country.) So that pisses on your

Man. United theory, doesn't it.

Nick (Man. U. fan)
Germany

P.S. I was born in Warrington, so fuck off before you say anything.

* According to our atlas the nearest football league team to you in Warrington would in fact be Liverpool. Then Everton. The third closest is of course Bolton.

□ You accuse Manchester United supporters of travelling long distances to attend their home games. What you forget is that most loyal, die hard Manchester United fans like myself spend Saturday afternoons at home mowing their lawn, and watch their football via the satellite dish on Sunday afternoons.

P. N.
Bournemouth

Theatre of streams... of piss

□ I once had a piss in the players tunnel at Old Trafford. Honest. Can any of your readers claim to have urinated in a more satisfying location?

Mr K. Smith
Shaw, Oldham

□ Never mind the Manchester United bandwagon. What about my mate Hoss? He lives in Stoke, and all of a sudden he supports Watford.

Martin Russell
London N9

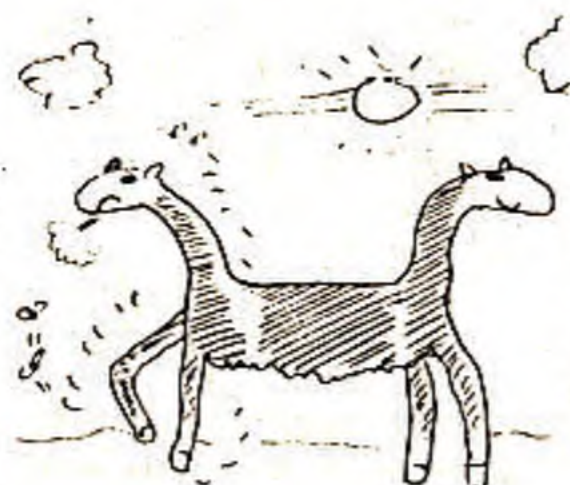
□ Here's an idea for the BBC. How about a new series of Doctor Who. "Doctor Who and the Zero Tolerance Committees". As you can see from this picture of our local group, these feminist monsters would soon have us all hiding behind our settees.

J.D.
Manchester

Alimentary mistake

□ Regarding Doctor Poo-little in the last issue (which, incidentally, was funnier than this one). Not all creatures are able to defecate as freely as the Doctor imagines. Take for instance the two headed llama in his own film, which had a second neck where its arse should be. As you'll see from my enclosed illustration, shitting would be impossible.

Name not supplied
Cannock, Staffs.



□ My son bet me a fiver that this letter won't be printed.

John Hemming
(Ex Ivor Biggun's Red Nose Burglars)
Southall

Well, shake it up baby now

□ Hypocrites! You complain if McDonalds appear to nick your ideas, then you produce a strip called 'X-Flies', the same concept as the strip published in Twist & Shout comics over a year ago.

Rich Johnston
Twist & Shout Comics
Ealing, W5

□ Thieves! If I'm not much mistaken your idea for Christ's face appearing in a pool of sick was stolen from a Freak Brothers strip they did in 1992.

P. Condon
London SE27

* We never saw that one either. I thought they stopped doing *Freak Brothers* comics in the seventies. People stopped reading them then, anyway.

Open question

□ If 'open all hours' convenience stores are indeed open 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, why do they have locks on their doors?

Chad Berscheld
The Internet

□ I notice you were giving away a 'Dream week in sunny in California' in a recent issue. Well I've been stuck in the in this crime and crack head ridden piss-hole for 20 years. Any chance of giving away a return ticket back to the UK in the next issue?

Robin De Cradle
Los Angeles



□ Regarding the mystery shooting of Ian Beale in Eastenders. How come he was shot on the Monday, but the ambulance didn't come until the Tuesday? Because the government is underfunding the health service, that's why.

Aidan Brodigan
Stockport

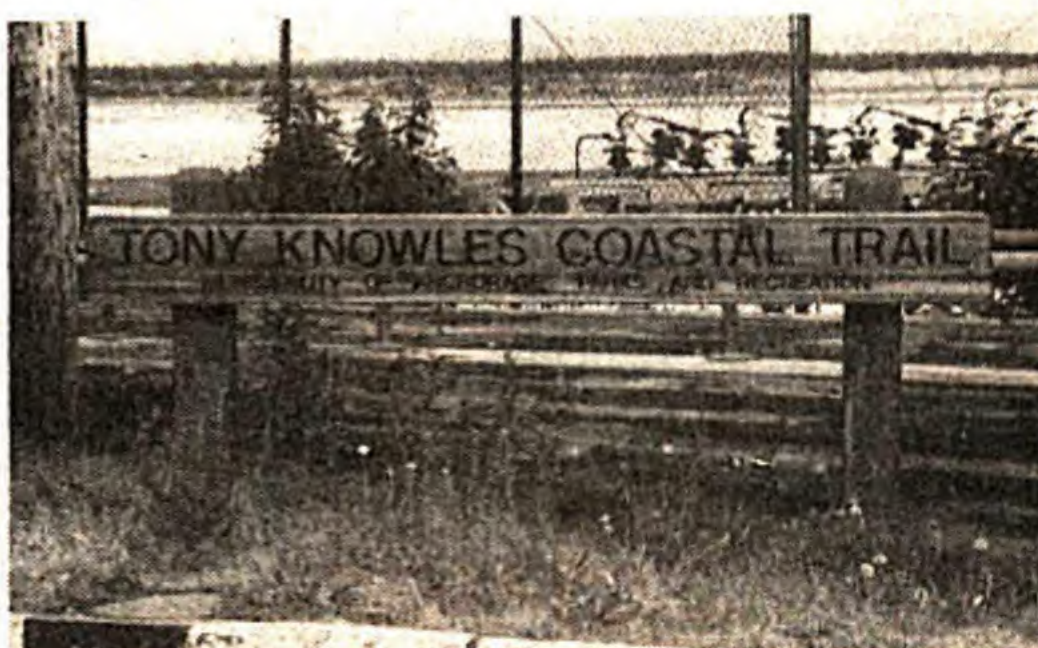
□ No such thing as a free lunch? Cobblers. I had a very agreeable meal the other day in a cozy, country pub. It was only after leaving, via the toilet window, that it occurred to me I had completely forgotten to pay the bill.

P. Koffendrop
Buckfast



□ Not since issue 11 of Viz have I heard anything of that eighties snooker player and ladies man, Tony Knowles. Until a recent visit to Anchorage in Alaska, where I was delighted to find that a coastal path has been named in his honour. A fitting tribute to this memorable sportsman who, as I recall, never won anything.

Nigel W. Poore
Twyford, Berks.



Lowest form of Wittgenstien

☐ I write to complain about so-called 'pedants' who write with nit picking points about grammar, berets and sedimentary rock etc. The philosopher Karl Popper said that the only way to be certain of anything is to subject it to scientific testing. Therefore the only way to be 100% certain of anything is to subject it to infinite scientific tests. In practise therefore we can only deal with approximations, some more certain than others. By contrast Wittgenstien offered the idea of 'Bedrock Propositions', those which seem self-evidently true, e.g. the Earth is round, the Catterick Royal Logistical Corps has green berets, Viz isn't as funny as it used to be, etc. These propositions have lasted longest because objections to them that are logically consistent have yet to be found. Even so, they may change in due course. (For example, at one time everyone 'knew' that the Earth was flat.) Such bedrock propositions are merely language games which permeate our Weltbitt, or 'world picture', forming an apparently solid structure within which we create our more challengeable, "fluid" propositions. (e.g. that Man. United are shit). The pedantry on these pages is one such language game, whereby readers spot inconsistencies and write in to Viz seeking to correct them, using dull-as-ditchwater, dry-as-a-biscuit terminology. Paradoxically, whilst complaining about this language game, I am indulging in the very same activity. Could there be a clearer illustration of Wittgenstien's admonition that we should not look for the meaning, but look for the use? I stand corrected, and must pass over the rest in silence.

Someone who doesn't get out much
London SE27

* Yeah. You're right there.

☐ We hear so much about the upset caused by people receiving poison pen letters nowadays. Isn't it about time the Government banned the sale of all poison pens?

F. Tank
Sideboard, Lancs.

☐ Carly Simon is on record as saying she will not name the subject of her cutting seventies ballad 'You're So Vain' until after his death. Well, that rules Lesley Crowther out then.

D. Kennel
Arbroath

Dull-as-ditchwater

☐ In issue 80 the late Reginald Bosanquet describes Liam Gallagher's central heating boiler as having a 'boost switch' to provide hot water at other than preprogrammed times. As any plumber will tell you, on boilers such as Liam's hot water service is initiated by an internal pressure switch which automatically senses a drop in pressure when a tap is opened. This triggers the changeover valve to switch from central heating to hot water, allowing primary water from the heat exchanger to enter the secondary heat exchanger, i.e. the calorifier, and produce instantaneous hot water.

Please Mr Bosanquet, get your facts right.

Steve Booth
Birmingham Air
Conditioning

☐ It's puzzling to understand why these so-called 'unruly' and 'unteachable' children behave as they do when we see their well spoken, articulate, smartly dressed and concerned parents on the television. I struggle to understand how these parents could possibly be responsible for raising such gormless, disorderly, disrespectful, moronic, brain dead losers, who will amount to zero in life if they're lucky, and will contribute nothing of any use to society whatsoever as long as they live.

The Fulbright
Blackheath State

2p or not 2p

☐ Poor people shouldn't worry too much if they don't have two pennies to rub together. I tried it the other day, and frankly can't see what all the fuss is about.

S. Hope
Long Eaton

Love is...

☐ How about a Viz lonely hearts column? All the other mags have one. I'll start by saying that if Sara Parker is reading this in Germany, I'd swim across a river full of piranhas with rotten meat stapled to my plums just to lick the vomit off her doorstep.

L. Copely-Williams
Great Dunmow

☐ We're a bunch of crimbo on remand awaiting sentence in Barlinnie prison. We get no visits, and have no female friends at all. Could any girls aged 18 or over help us through our misery by writing? We're desperate.

T.B., D.C. and C.W.
HMP Barlinnie

☐ Me too please.

D.P.,
HMP Barlinnie

* If you want folk to be nice to you, perhaps you shouldn't go around robbing old ladies etc. If you write again and solemnly promise that you won't do any more crimes in future, we'll print your full names and prison addresses in the next issue, and send you a copy of Mayfair.

☐ Barlinnie? Sounds like a bloody holiday camp, mate. I'm stuck in a Nepal jail, 2 years into a 5 year stretch, and I get no mail apart from one mate who sends me Viz. I'm totally pissed off. How's about you get me some birds aged 18 to 25 to write to me here? I'm 26, a Chelsea supporter, and I've got an 8 inch. Honest. Not that its much use to me in here. I'd appreciate photos, but nothing saucy as it won't get past the bill.

Stuart Chalmers
c/o British Embassy,
Box 106, Lainchaur,
Katmandu, Nepal.

* Any drop dead gorgeous birds who have just turned 26, forget it.

☐ I'm not a crimbo. And I haven't got a big cock. I just want a female pen friend.

Mark Wakefield
Grimsby

* Sounds like a pretty straightforward bloke. You can write to Mark at 17 Sinderson Road, Humberston, Grimsby, DN36 4TY. Write and let us know if you get married.

Continued...



"Shiny kettle, nice and hot, what back issues have we got?" (left)

"Lovely lady in a bra, the back issues remaining are..."

39 40 53 54 56 59
60 61 62 63 64 65
66 67 70 72 73 76
77 78 80

Phooar!! Aladdin, played by our principle bra and pants-omime girl, is a babe who'd give any fella wood! She's warming up the kettle to make a '46 Double D' cup of tea! I'll have two lumps please! Those big one's at the front! Phew!! With parts like that this young actress would give any Jack a beanstalk, and turn fellas heads.. again... Dick Whittington... Or something like that. Oh yes she would! Anyway, if you want to buy any back issues circle the numbers above, then fill in the form and send it off, together with your money.

Overseas orders please pay in sterling with a cheque drawn on a UK bank. And overseas customers please add 20% of whatever total you've arrived at so far. So, for example, if its a tenner you simply add 50p. No, wait a minute. That's not right...

Tick, delete, speak clearly after the tone etc.

☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order payable to John Brown Publishing Ltd., or:

☐ I'm with the bank of Never Never Land. Please debit my plastic.

Card No.

Expiry Date (the card, not you) Card Type

Your name and address

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Post this order form to: Viz Orders, Customer Interface, Bradley Pavilions, Bradley Stoke North, Bristol, BS12 0BQ. For telephone credit card orders and enquiries call (01454 202515). (Make a note of the number before you cut out the form). Please allow up to 28 days for delivery.

VBI 81

□ We are currently serving in Bosnia, and wondered if your readers would help us. Out here there is rule that anyone who receives more than ten letters in a day gets fined a slab of beer (24 cans). Our colleague Studly (pictured) moans about never getting any mail. So if all the ladies reading this would care to drop him a line, the vain bastard will be kept happy, and we'll get all his beer.

Gaz Mac & Co.
Bosnia



* You can write to LCpl. Studly Rees at 23 Sqn Rlc, WKSP REME, Keyhole Camp, Sipovo, BFPO 538

Sappy ending

□ I bought issue 61 in August 93 and answered a letter from a soldier in Belize. He put me in touch with a friend of his, 'Lips', and we are getting married on January 31st 1997.

C. Cassin
Newbury, Berks.

* Great news. Send us a bit of the cake.

Big tits

□ My mate's sister has got the biggest tits I've ever seen.

James Shaw
Barnsley

□ As a female stripper I'm sick and tired of all the childish chants you blokes come up with while I'm performing, like "Show us your minge". I'm a girly, but I was still able to come up with 100 alternative names for a fanny. The list is enclosed. So come on fellas. Next time you gawp at me, think of something original to say.

Miss JJ
Wimbledon

P.S. Print this and I'll send you a nude picture of myself.

* Unfortunately there is only room to include one of Miss JJ's vaginal euphemisms here: 'Lab kebab'. The full list of over 100 is available to those of you acquainted with 'Netting the Intersurf'. They can all be found on the Viz 'web sight' which in turn can be found on the 'Inter Net', part of this super Information Highway or 'I.T.'. Simply tune in your computer and 'click' your 'mouse' onto Sweary Mary's Swearing Dictionary. The address to click your mice to is: www.viz.co.uk

□ I'll tell you what those Spice Girls are really after. A right good shagging, that's what. Specially the ginger one who got them out in The Sun. What do other readers think?

Bob D.
Greenock

□ On the subject of rude buses (issue 80), I spotted this vulgar example in Switzerland. And we think our bus drivers are discourteous?

Geoff Hawkins
Brighton

□ I'm travelling east-bound on the M25 just approaching the South Mimms roundabout. I want the Cockfosters exit, but overhanging foliage is obscuring the the signs. Can any of your readers tell me, is it the first, second or third exit? I'm in a blue H reg Nova. Give me a honk if you can be of any assistance.

Greg Bell
M25, South Mimms roundabout

Dead ringer

□ Never mind Jimmy Hill in the Fat Slags strip. I spotted serial killing mum of ten Rose West in Luvvie Darling (issue 80). I claim my prize.

P. C.
London



* Right. There's three famous faces hidden in this issue. A box of Vesta Chow Mein to the first reader who spots them all.



□ Following on from all that shit about berets in issue 80. Who cares whether you wear a blue, green or red beret? In the Coldstream Guards we wear khaki berets, our boss is the Queen, and we're all as hard as fuck. Beat that.

7 Company, Coldstream
Guards
London, Ireland, Germany
or anywhere else they
need blokes with tattoos.

□ Watching that plank Jimmy Nail's Crocodile Boots, or whatever its called, brought to mind a band I used to watch in the early seventies at Cheltenham Town Hall. They were Geordies, and they went by the name of "Fat Grapple". They sang a song called "Don't Mess With Moose", which was about the "Geordie Mafia" as I recall. Was "Moose" a real character? And what became of Fat Grapple? Can any of your readers help?

Pete Reynolds
Gloucester

* There's a crisp tenner for the first person who can tell us where Fat Grapple are, and a fiver for Fat Grapple is they tell us who Moose was.

□ Have any other readers noticed the remarkable resemblance between the recently returned Viz cartoon character Paul Whicker the tall vicar, and Aston Villa's footballing import Sasa Curcic? I wonder if they are perhaps both thin, with pointy tufts of hair and big noses?

Phil Rainey
Kings Heath, Birmingham



□ Whatever happened to horny Carol Dekker out of T'Pau?

Steve Brunt
Sittingbourne, Kent



* Come on, Carol Dekker out of T'Pau. Whatever happened to you? There's £10 for the first letter we receive from Carol Dekker out of T'Pau.

□ If by any chance Mr Ian Peggs, Senior Superintendent of Police, Traffic New Territories North, Royal Hong Kong Police Force happens to be reading this, the bus lane is meant for buses, not fat wankers on police motorbikes.

A member of the public
Hong Kong

□ Mustard gas is no substitute for the real thing, especially in ham sandwiches.

A. K.
Walsall



* CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL of CUNTS *

Concluding our celebrity cunt hunt. Here's your final nominations, followed by your chance to vote for the winner.

Smartie arsed wanker



□ In 1985 ginger media wanker Chris Evans asked me to fetch him back a truck load of blue Smarties from my holidays in France. He didn't even thank me for my trouble, never mind pay me. Now that he's Britain's richest cunt, isn't it about time he coughed up?

Helen Hughes
Manchester M2

□ I said "Good gig" to Damon Albarn out of teenybop band Blur after a gig at the Manchester Academy in 1994 and he just sneered at me.

Tony
Liverpool

Abra-cunt-dabra

□ I was walking along the sea front at Great Yarmouth in 1977 with my family when slap skulled TV magician Paul Daniels came flying out of a public toilet and knocked me flat on my arse. Rather than stopping to apologise he simply sprinted off down the promenade. Now that's what I call a cunt.

Paul Tyler
Canvey Island

□ While working as a Blue Coat at a holiday camp I invited comedian Frank Carson to take a second bow in front of the audience as his act had gone down so well. Afterwards he chastised me for having done so, because he was in a hurry to get away. Mardy miserable fat sweaty cunt.

Craig Giddens
The Internet

□ That Tommy Cannon opened a fair near us once, and even though he was getting paid he stood throughout the entire day with a face like a kicked in fridge door. The sour faced bastard.

Andy Reynolds
Selby, North Yorks.

* This is a cunts competition, Andy. Bastards - sour faced or otherwise - don't qualify.



□ In the early seventies I was almost knocked out of my pram by Stephen Hancock, who played Ernest Bishop in Coronation Street, after he'd carelessly flung open his car door as my mother was pushing me down the street. Needless to say no apology was forthcoming. How I chuckled a few years later when he was shot dead after interrupting a robbery at Baldwin's factory. It served the callous cunt right.

Adam Chamberlain
Stratford-upon-Avon
(Where Shakespeare comes from)

Pen Loan Ranger



□ I asked Rangers and England heavyweight Paul Gascoigne for an autograph when his team were training at a local park. He didn't give me my pen back, and when I asked him for it as he boarded his coach he said "Bog off, I'm in a rush". Pic eating Geordie cunt.

Scott Carruthers
Troon, Ayrshire



□ In 1983 I was walking out of Victoria station when I spotted sixties chirpy cockney character Jo Brown, of guitar strumming and children's road safety fame. I gave him a friendly nod, and he acknowledged this with a smile and a nod of his own. All was well and good between us until July of last year when I was working in a motorway service station on the M42. One night who should walk in but my old mate Jo. He stayed for 15 minutes, during which time the miserable fucker pretended not to recognise me. I had the last laugh though, because his bird was definitely giving me the eye when she asked where the toilets were.

M. Barber
Newcastle-under-Lyme

□ A few years ago I was working as an Inter City buffet steward when the actor Bryan Murray, (alias Trevor Jordache in Brookside) boarded the train and ordered some champagne. When I brought the bottle to his seat he decided it wasn't cold enough and barked at me to return it to the fridge to chill for longer. When I returned with the bottle an hour later the pompous cunt said loudly "Forget it, its too late. I'm due in the studio in an hour".

A. McGardle
Preston

* Drinking British Rail champagne makes him a flashy, gullible ponce, not a cunt. And by the sound of it you're one of those drunken, red faced Scottish buffet stewards who always demand the right change then close the bar and spend the last two hours of every journey counting up the money. Perhaps YOU are the cunt in this case.

Continued
overleaf...

Hello there!



Hi. I'm just getting ready for my Christmas Party. Mum says I should wear something sensible, but I want to be a bit daring this year. What do YOU think? Why not scribble a note to me on the back of your cheque when you subscribe to Viz. I personally handle all the subscriptions. A year (6 issues) costs £9.00 (or £12.50 overseas). Two years (12 issues) is £18.00 (£24.80 overseas). Just fill in the form below and post it to me. Have you noticed my mistletoe yet? I drew it myself - just in case you happened to read this page. I'm glad you did. I'll be thinking of you at the party.

Do write soon.

Happy Christmas
xxxoo Sally

* We regret that Sally cannot enter into correspondence.

FREE VIZ T SHIRT!

Every new subscriber will receive a FREE large or extra large Viz T shirt chosen at random from our heap of unsold T shirts. (Unfortunately Ravey Davy T shirts are not included.) Don't delay, subscribe today. You can order a subscription as a gift for someone else by using both sections of the form. And if you'd like to receive more than one copy of each issue (at the same address) each extra copy costs £6 per year (£7 overseas).

Dear Sally's experienced mum

Please send me a subscription starting issue..... to be sent to:

Name.....

Address.....

Post code.....

(If you do not know your address, ask your postman, if he's ever at work).

If you are ordering a subscription for someone else fill in their name above, and your own details below. If the subscription is for yourself, just fill in your name and address above, and leave the next bit blank.

My name.....

Address.....

Post code.....

Sally's mum was wondering how you will be paying. Tick one box only:

☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order for £.....crossed and made payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

☐ Please debit my Access/ Visa/ Mastercard/Eurocard/American Express/Diners Club/ Connect Card/

Card No.

Expiry date/...../.....

Send this completed form (together with your cheque/PO if applicable) to Sally, Viz Subs, FREEPOST (SW6096), Bristol, BS12 0BR. And hey! The postage is on us, if posted in the UK.

Credit card orders can be made on our telephone hotline (01454) 202515. (We regret this facility is not available to people who own a caravan or wear grey slip-on shoes).

Hi! I'm an old mutton

afraid I'm still

Hi, I'm Sheila the sheep's mum. I've been around a bit, and consequently I'm a lot harder to catch than Sheila. There's a FREE back issue for every Australian subscriber (2 if you subscribe for 2 years). 6 issues cost \$27, or 12 for \$54. Write to Sheila's mum, 9 Palm Avenue, Bribie Island, QLD 4507, Australia. Please make cheques payable to 'Fortean Times'.



☐ Please tick here if you would like a large amount of gold to be delivered to your house by naked, palpitating women, who then force their lithe, pertly breasted young bodies upon you. (And you want us to flog your address to mail order companies left, right and centre.)

A WORD FROM YOUR LOCAL NEWSAGENT

Hello again. The shop's looking much tidier now. We've had a refit, new carpets, and I decided to move the fridge nearer the door, and put the sweets and crisps in racks along the wall. The papers are on a low shelf now instead of cluttering the counter. I'm sure trade will pick up as a result. Oh, did you know we're taking in dry cleaning now? Good idea eh? Hang on, here comes a customer. "Milk? No, sorry. We've sold out." Tssch! Really. Expecting me to have milk at this time of day! Who's he kidding.

I guess that's why they call him a cunt

□ I parked my van on a meter in Kensington one day and Elton John pulls up in his Bentley and tells me to move it so that he can park there. Cheeky shoe bonkers rug headed cunt.

M. Warren
Crowthorne, Berks.

□ Last Christmas that pious, pie faced Simon fucking Mayo swanned into our local church with his badly behaved little brats ten minutes late for Midnight Mass. I reckon his late arrival was a carefully planned stunt to attract maximum attention for this ten bob media cunt.

Kades
Burton Joyce, Notts.

□ My wife complimented Dina Carroll on her voice in a pub in Cambridge. "Oh per-leease!" she replied in a phoney American accent, looking at my missus like she was a pile of shit. Well, if Dina's reading this, my missus isn't a pile of shit. You are.

John,
Sheffield

* This is a high class celebrity cunt competition John, not a cheap and nasty mud slinging contest.

□ In your last issue Simon Bradbury accused Ian Astbury (out of The Cult) of being a cunt, or something like that. Ian Astbury is not a cunt. He is a cool, hard bastard who was arrested in Canada for fighting with bouncers who were throwing out fans at a Cult gig. Your correspondent Mr Bradbury is clearly a shandy drinking southern sausage jockey, and that is no doubt why Ian Astbury refused to shake his hand.

S. Turner
St Anns, Nottingham

* Your hero Mr Astbury sets a fine example to fans of his pop group by fighting during a concert. If the security men were indeed beating up fans and throwing them out, it was no doubt for their own safety. Security men have a difficult enough job to do without drunken, drug crazed pop stars assaulting them during a performance.

□ Can I nominate a celebrity's relative as a cunt? Dennis Taylor's niece, Tracey, never gave me back a cassette I lent her two years ago and now I've lost touch with her. It's a shame she nicked my tape, cos she's 'fuck-me' gorgeous and a terrific barmaid too.

Tarquin Scott
Preston

* Tarquin is an architect, readers. And he reckons Dennis Taylor's niece is a cunt?



□ Moneybags former 60's pop star Adam Faith approached my wife as she was trying on an expensive dress at Libertys in London.

"It suits you", he said with a smile. Fuck off Faith, you cunt! I have enough trouble trying to kerb my wife's spending without you sticking your millionaire nose into matters.

M.R.
Peckham

□ I went to help cunt Opportunity Knocks winner Berni Flint push start his Fiat 126 car during a rain storm in Great Yarmouth, but he suddenly sped off, soaking me with water from a huge puddle at the roadside.

R. Morris
Ratlinghope, Shrops.

□ Safari park owning bribe allegation denying comedy goalkeeper Bruce Grobelaar is a cunt for calling my mate a cunt after he went up to him in a bar in Singapore and asked to shake his hand.

"Who was that cunt?" the Zimbabwean cunt asked the bloke he was with.

Large Matt
Broadway

**He is not a number.
He is a cunt.**

□ At the 1996 cult TV convention dedicated to 60s TV series The Prisoner, actor and guest speaker Alexis Kanner waved off an excited fan who'd requested his autograph by turning his back on him and saying "Try again tomorrow". The ginger haired cunt.

Tee
Brondesbury Park
London

* The man is clearly a cunt, Tee. But you and your wanky square eyed chums are even bigger cunts for having paid to see him.

□ I bought my mum and dad tickets to go and see a Cliff Richard concert, and afterwards mum and I managed to sneak inside the stage door. We were alone in the corridor when suddenly the Peter Pan of Pop himself walked past. "I enjoyed the show very much Cliff", said my mum, an O.A.P.

"Hmm", said Sir Cliff as he walked past, without even turning his head.

"I've been a fan of yours for a long time", added mum, hopefully.

"Hmm", Sir Cliff said again, before exiting out of a door.

He couldn't even be arsed to smile or turn his head. Looking back, I regret not having kicked his arsehole. Or should that be arseholes?

Jenni Thompson
Farnham, Surrey

* Be fair, Jenni. Cliff may have been tired after giving a performance. Doubtless he was distracted at the time. He may be a Christian, but we cannot expect him to behave like a saint all the time. Especially when there's no cameras around.

□ I hope I'm not too late to nominate Johnny Morris as a celebrity cunt. Not the lovable unfounded Nazi spy allegation Animal Magic voice dubbing TV zoo keeping Johnny Morris, but the poncey actor Johnny Morris out of Bread who's never on telly any more. He nearly ran myself and some friends over. As we were crossing a quiet road when suddenly he appeared round the corner driving far too fast in a sporty car. Rather than stopping to apologise, he sped off after giving us a two fingered salute.

A. Lambert
Chichester



□ No, not that one. The other one.

A. Lambert
Chichester

Do ya think I'm cunty?



□ About six years ago I saw that tartan twat Rod "He's foot-ball crazy" Stewart and his blonde tart shopping at Safeways in Henley. I'm a big fan of his grating voice and ugly features, so I politely asked him to sign my till receipt.

"I don't sign scraps of paper" he said. Croaky cunt.

Mark Griffiths
Nomura International
London

You see that cunt? That's YOU that is

□ I was working as a waitress in a hotel in Norwich (as opposed to a cocktail bar) when so-called comedian Rob Newman, who'd played a gig in town the night before, came down for breakfast. He was too late for a full English breakfast but I went out of my way to get him a bowl of scrambled egg. While I was preparing this the rotten bastard stole the mushrooms and bacon from my own breakfast plate which was keeping warm on a heated sideboard in the dining room. This breakfast was the only perk I got from my shitty paid job, and something that kept me going from 5.30am when I started until late morning when lazy, thieving, long hairs like Newman crawl out of bed and muster themselves 'together man' with numerous pots of tea and coffee that frankly I wish I'd pissed in.

In fact, if he's reading this, I did piss in it. And the chef whacked off in your scrambled eggs too.

Miss S.E.Hall
Jesmond, Newcastle

**Cunts conclude
on page 20...**

Famous Sports Commentators Wanking on their Girlfriend's Tits No.87 John Motson

WELL, YOU HAVE TO GO RIGHT BACK TO AUGUST 1982 TO FIND TO THE LAST TIME I ATTEMPTED TO MASTURBATE IN QUITE THIS POSITION!

HEH HEH!
THAT WAS
OVER A PAIR OF
36 DOUBLE 'D'
BREASTS, AS
I RECALL

I LASTED 3 MINUTES 18 SECONDS ON THAT OCCASION - A PERSONAL RECORD. BUT... HEH! WITH LESS THAN 2 MINUTES ON THE CLOCK HERE TODAY, I'M AFRAID THE VINEGAR STROKES ARE ALREADY UPON US...

Road to nowhere.....

The teachers at the Aardvark School of Motoring had all but given up on unruly pupil Norman Dodds. Now in his fourth year, his behaviour had grown steadily worse and it seemed that he simply didn't want to learn...

Give your dinner money, Jackson, or I'll smash you in.

Get lost. Leave me alone

Good morning everybody.

Good morning Mr. Bralthwaite

Who drew that?!...

...Come on. Who did it?

Please, sir. It was Dodds.

Snitch! I'll get you for that after driving school.

AAAAAAAARGH!

Right, Dodds. See me after the lesson.

Now, I'm handing back yesterday's homework on windscreen wipers. It was very good in the main.

You got three out of ten, Dodds. Not good enough....

...You're going to have to pull your socks up if you're going to pass your driving test, young man.

Don't care, sir

Anyway, you're driving with me today. Go out and get into the car, I'll be out in a minute.

Outside...

AAARDVARK
SCHOOL OF MOTORING

Where are your driving
gloves, Dodds? Have
you forgotten them?

No...erm... the dog
ate them, sir. Snigger!



AAAAAARGH!

Bah! You'll serve
a detention for
that, Dodds.

Aw, sir. It's not
fair. You're always
picking on me.

Stop whinging, and
get ready to drive.

Shortly...

Slow down, lad.
And straighten up.

Stop grinding the
gears, you wouldn't
do that at home,
would you?

The lights are
green, Dodds...

...Green lights,
Dodds...

DODDS! Pay
attention, boy...

...and spit that
chewing gum out.

Eventually...

Well, Dodds. That was dreadful.
You showed no courtesy to other
road users and I don't think you
used your mirrors once.

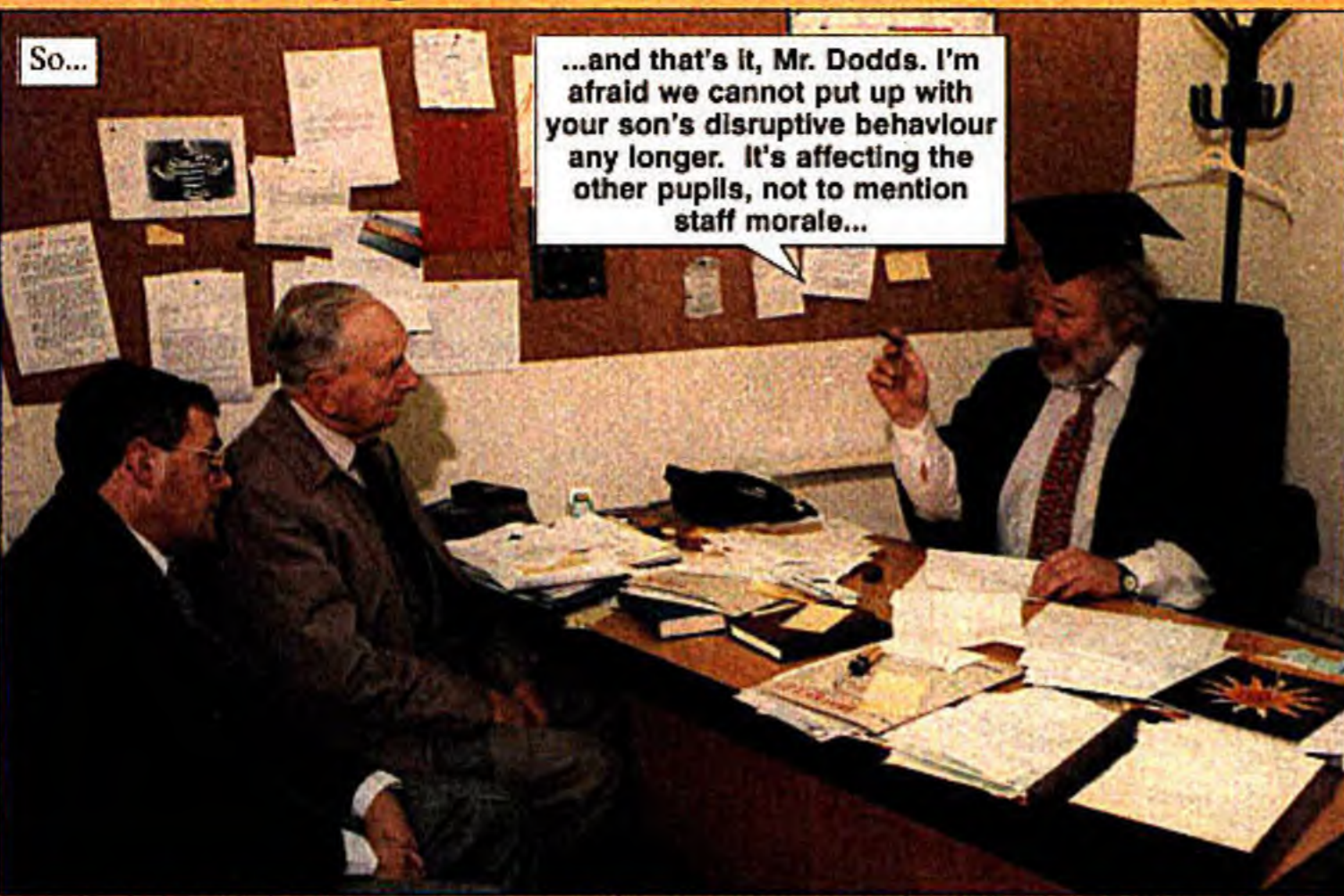
It's not my fault.
We haven't done
mirrors yet.

We have, but you
were playing truant.

Dad! What a
you doing he

AAARDVARK
SCHOOL OF MOTORING

The head of the Motoring
School sent for me, son.
He wants to see us both.



So...

...and that's it, Mr. Dodds. I'm afraid we cannot put up with your son's disruptive behaviour any longer. It's affecting the other pupils, not to mention staff morale...



...I'm afraid I'm going to have to exclude him from the driving school

But...headmaster! Give him one more chance. He's a good boy at heart. Just one more chance.

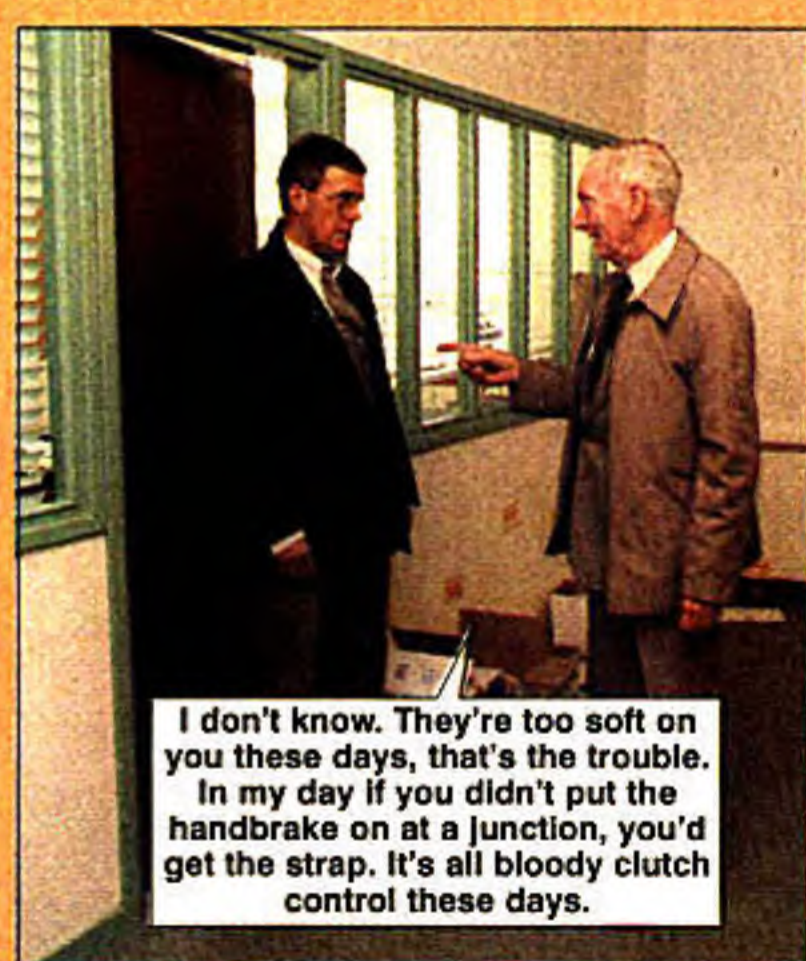


Hmmm!...



Well, okay. Against my better judgment. One more chance. But don't let me down.

Thank you.



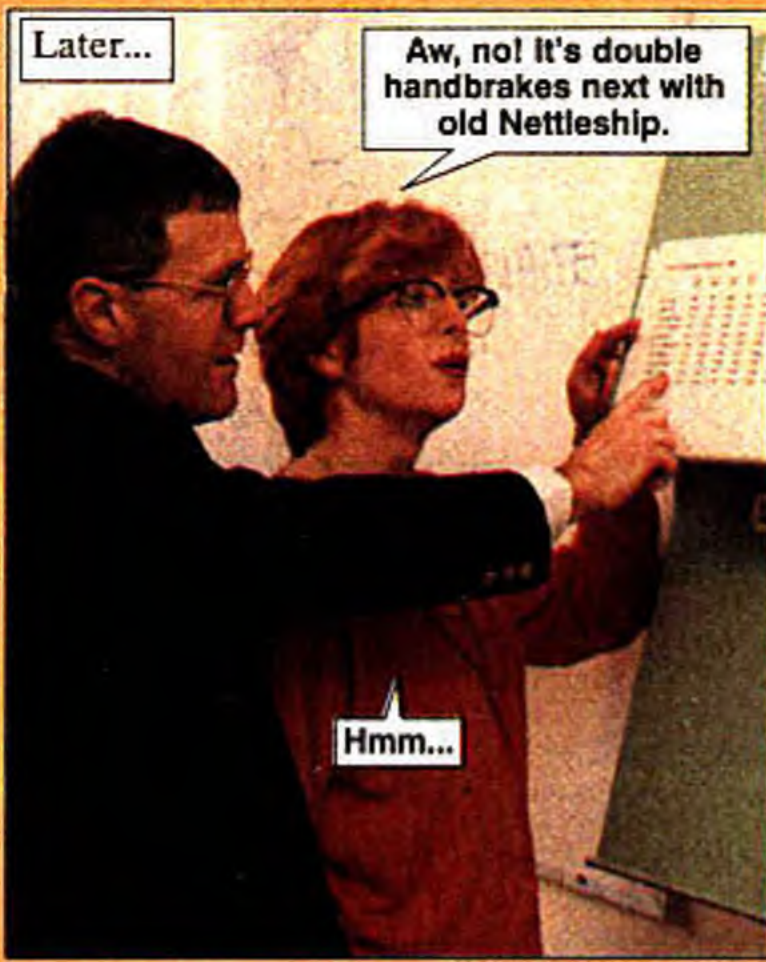
I don't know. They're too soft on you these days, that's the trouble. In my day if you didn't put the handbrake on at a junction, you'd get the strap. It's all bloody clutch control these days.



So, in class...

Okay everybody, before we start, I'd like to introduce Mrs. Collins, a new pupil who starts with us today.

Cor! She's a bit of alright.



Later...

Aw, no! It's double handbrakes next with old Nettleship.

Hmm...



Listen. Do you fancy playing nick? We can go behind the bogs for a fag.

No thanks. Hand brakes are a very important part of safe driving.

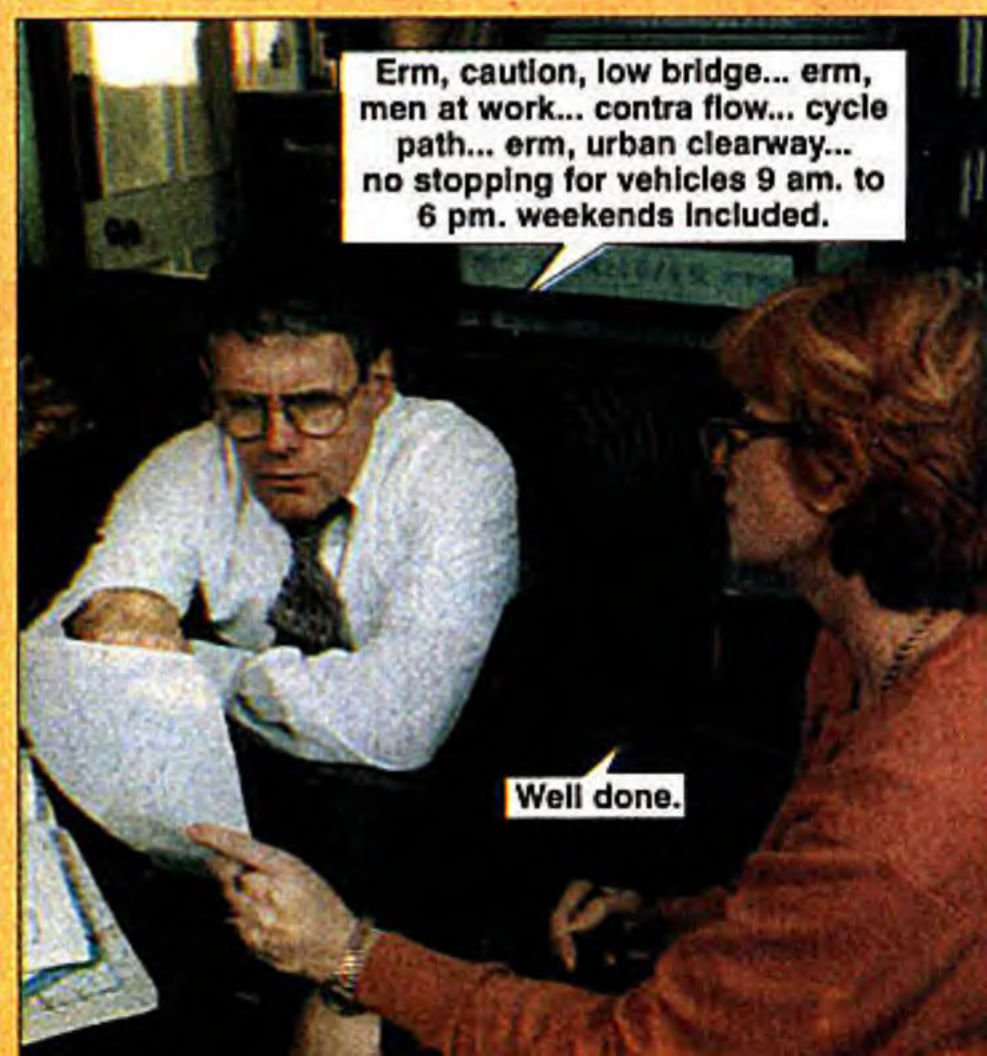
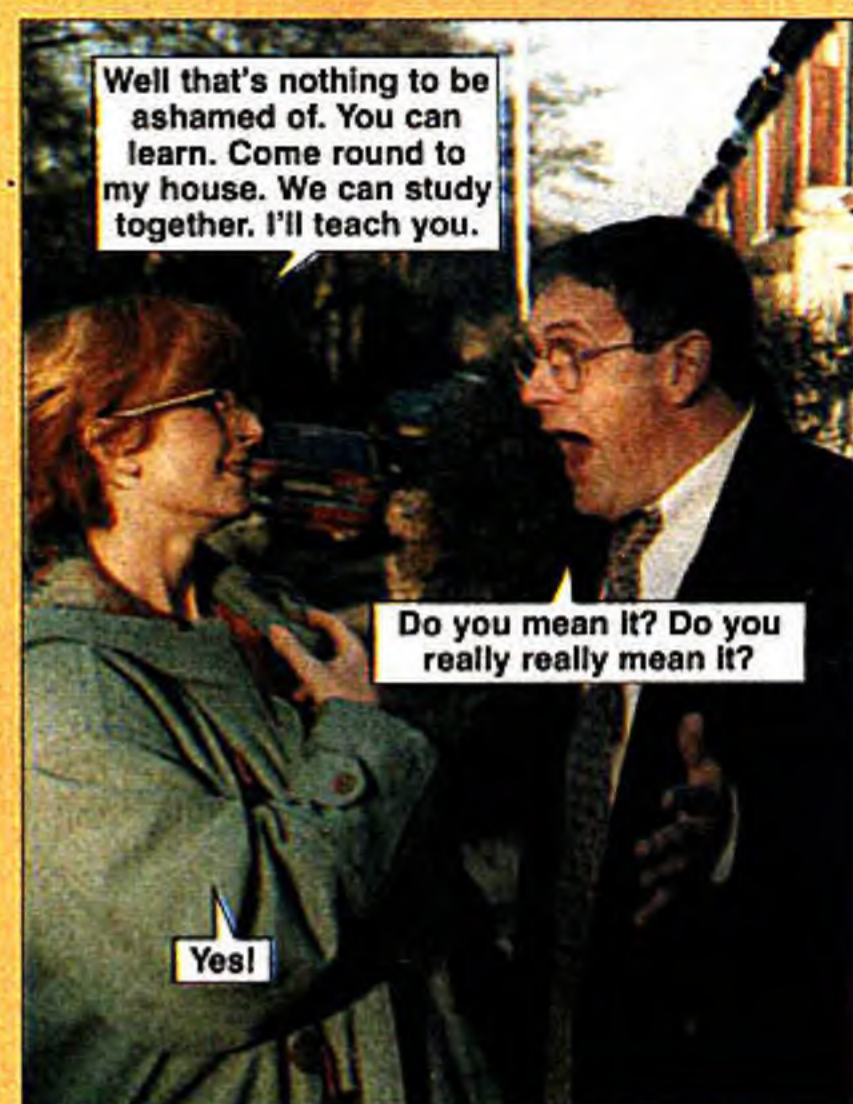


Aw, come on! Hand brakes are boring. Old Bumface Nettleship's as blind as a bat. He'll never notice we're not there.

That's not the point. I'm here to learn how to drive.



Hmm...



Eventually...

MRS. COLLINS,
I PASSED! I PASSED!

Well done Mr. Dodds.
I knew you had it in you.

Thank you!

Don't thank me. I didn't do anything.
You only had to have the confidence to
believe in your own inner potentials.
I just brought it out of you...

...and if that offer still stands,
I'd love to come to the
pictures with you tonight.

It does! I'll pick you up at
8 o'clock... in *MY* car!

TONK!

AAAAARGH!

Get to the headmaster's
office! Immediately!

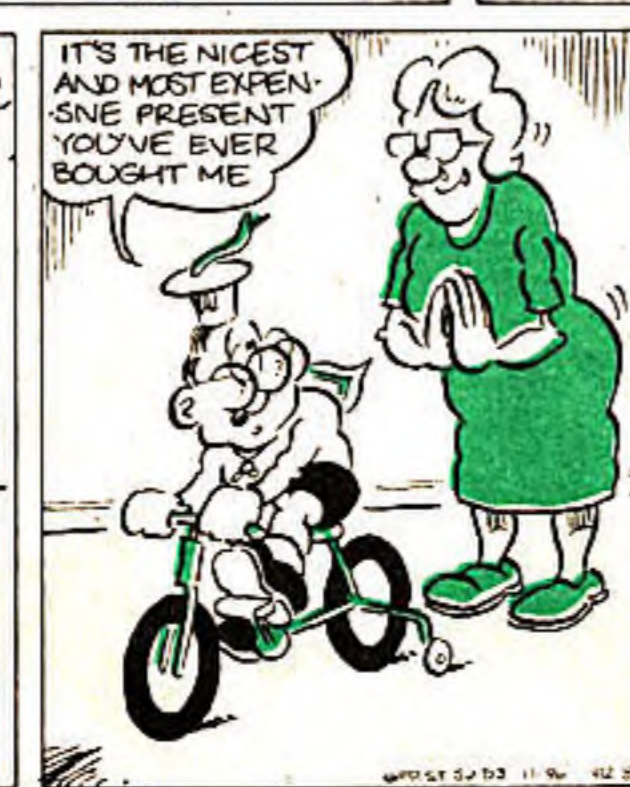
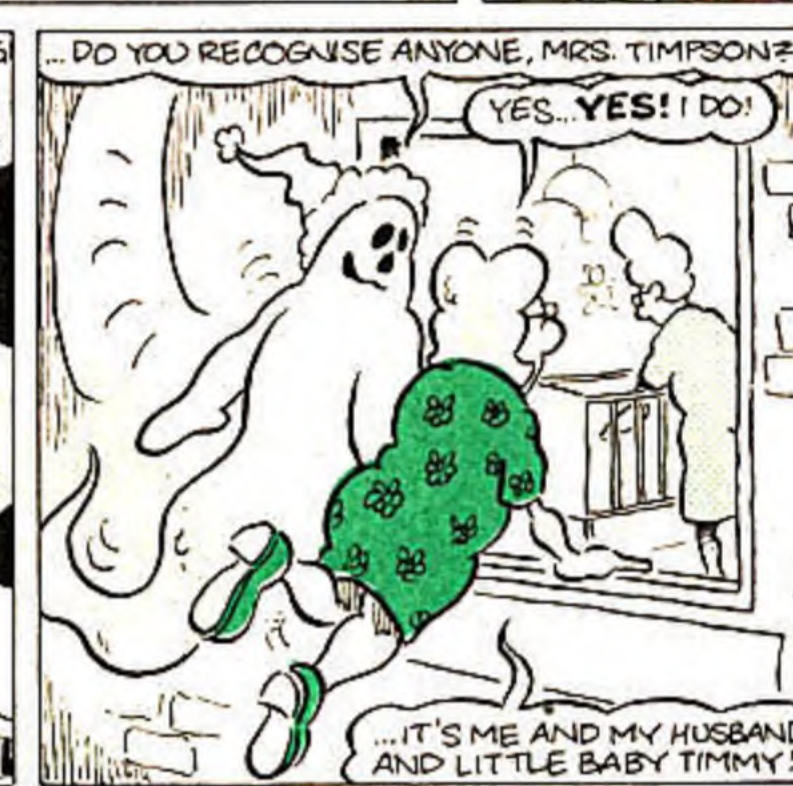
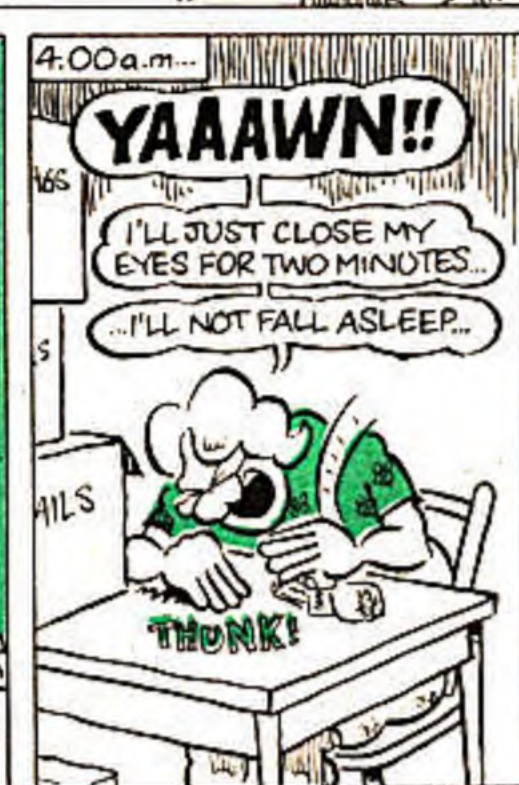
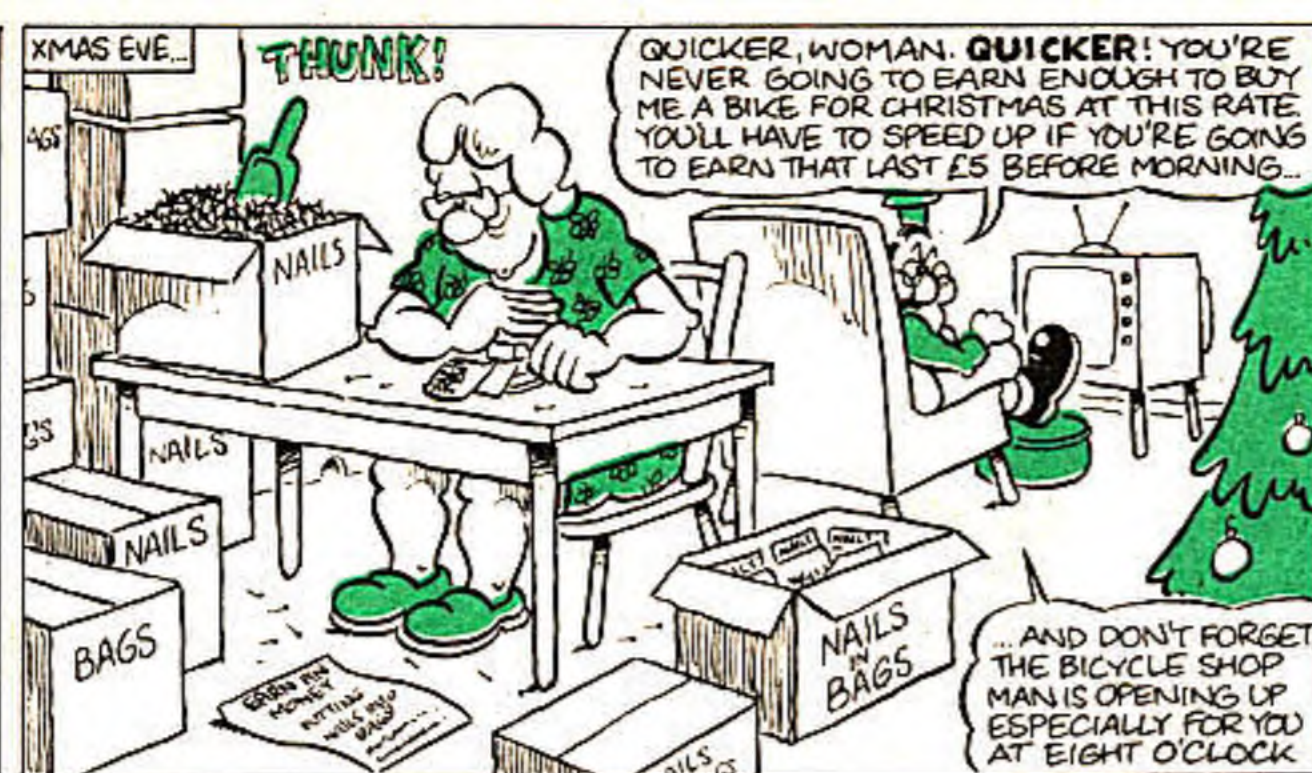
What did you do
that for, sonny?

Driving's boring.
What's the point?

Come with me, lad. I want
to tell you a little story...

The End

SPOILT BASTARD'S CHRISTMAS CAROL



FUCK YOU, BITCH WOMAN... I CAN'T GO ROUND AND PLAY ON HIS BIKE!! NEVER LEARNED TO RIDE A BIKE, DID I, BECAUSE I'VE NEVER HAD ONE... I'LL HAVE TO GO OUT SHOPLIFTING, MUGGING OLD LADIES AND SNIFFING GLUE INSTEAD...



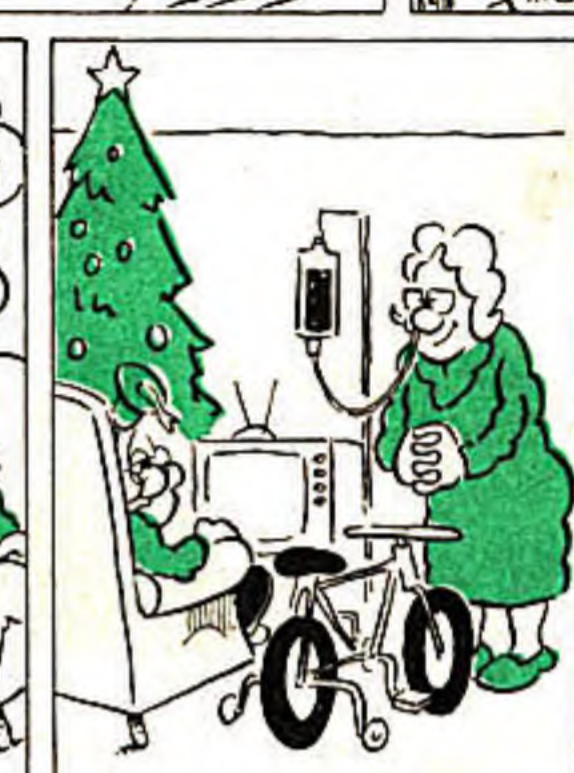
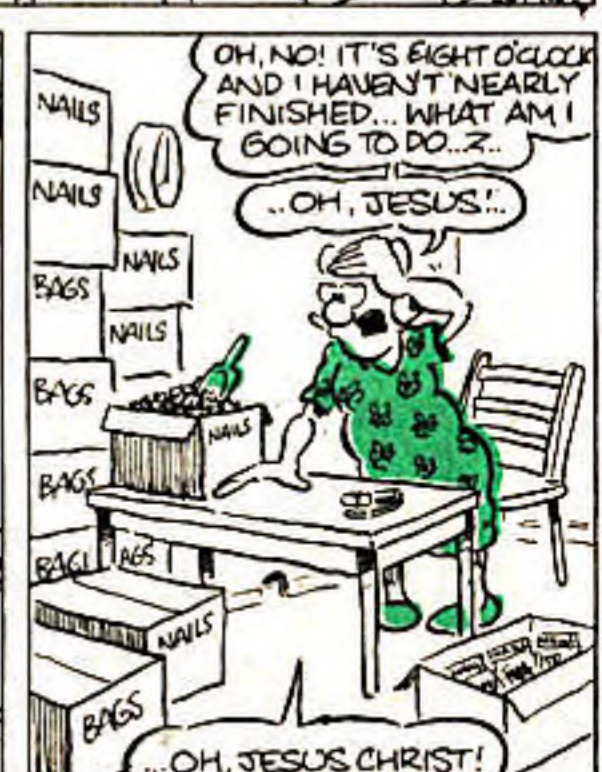
...AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT



OH, DEAR! I'VE GOT TO GET HIM THAT BIKE OR HE'LL...

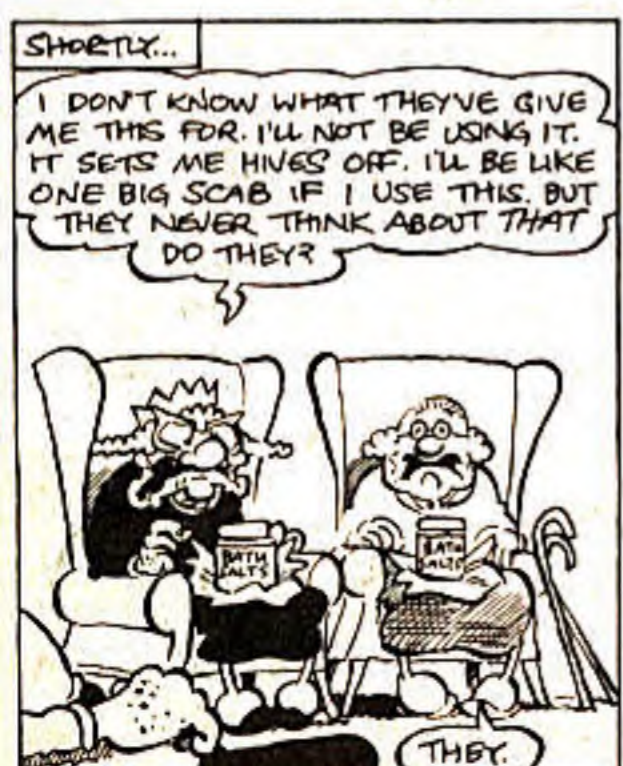
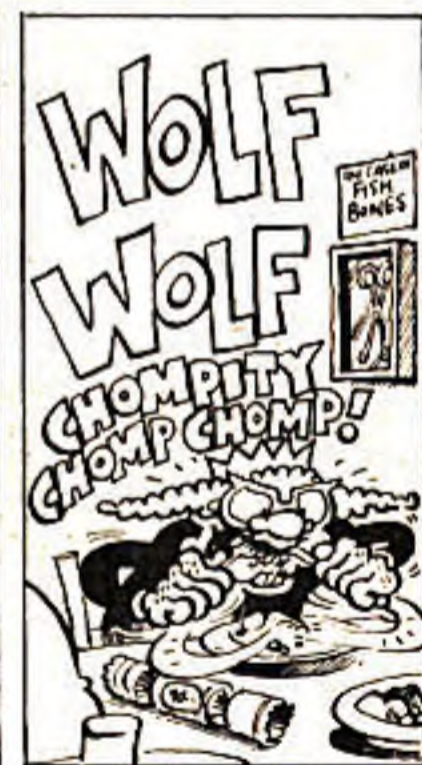
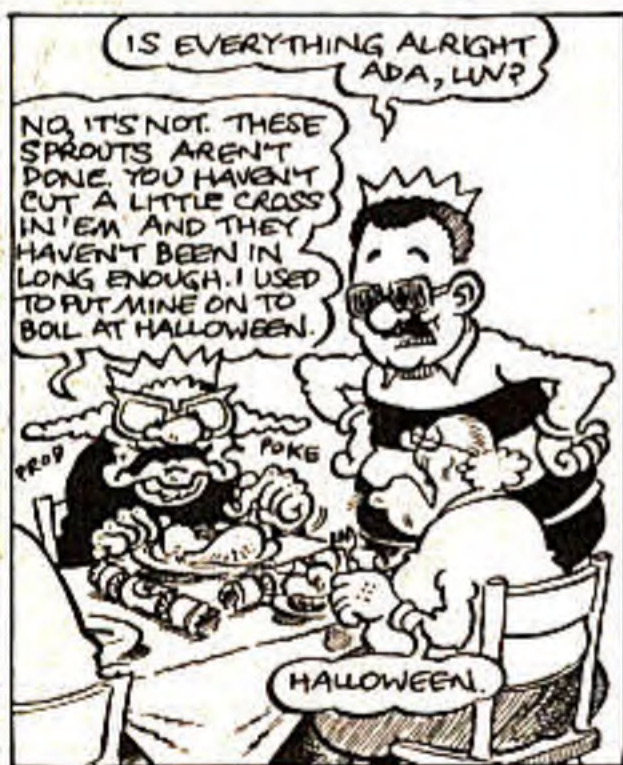
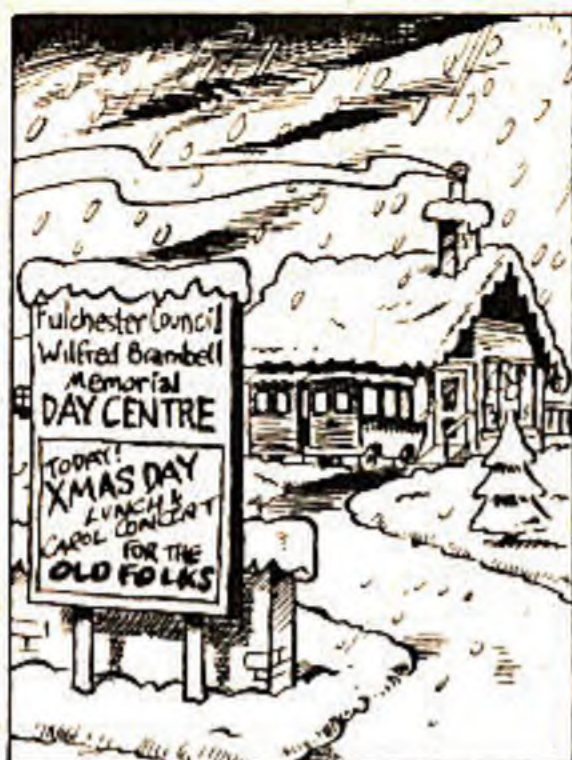


EH!?!...WASSAT...WASSAT!?!
OH, DEAR, I'VE BEEN DREAMING... STILL, IT'S NOT TOO LATE. I'LL JUST HAVE TWO MORE MINUTES THEN I'LL FINISH THEM...



A very merry Christmas
and a happy New Year
to all our readers

mrs Brady OLD LADY



Hover Mower

□ When I was 19 I was working as a barmaid in a pub in London. One night a rather ancient looking Patrick Mower was hovering about and asked me out for dinner. He was so desperate he even wrote me a poem. I agreed to meet him after work, then didn't turn up. The squashy nosed, stood up old cunt.

Michelle Smith
Ashbourne, Derbyshire

P.S. I've still got the poem.

□ Many years ago I met Jimi Hendrix Experience bassist Noel Redding in a pub in London. He was a real gent, and bought me several beers. Unfortunately, due to his crushed velvet 'loons' and floral 'kipper' tie, he looked an absolute cunt.

Mr Bocker Gibbs
Burton-on-Trent

□ I wish to nominate myself as a celebrity cunt. Some time ago I asked this boot ugly barmaid in London called Michelle out for dinner, just to win a bet. But I bottled out and never showed up either. Just as well. She was a real hound, I can tell you.

Patrick Mower
London

British Telecunt

□ I saw BT funny man and part-time drunkard Rory McGrath in the Grafton Centre in Cambridge and he didn't do or say anything funny. 'Phoney' cunt.

C. E. Maddison
Cambridge

Weller, weller, weller, ugh! Tell me more, tell me more...

□ Bollocks to Angela Hannah (issue 80) sticking up for Paul Weller. He definitely IS a cunt. He got up on stage at an Ocean Colour Scene gig recently, and stared at my girlfriend's tits. Then he smiled and winked at her.

Laurence Rickard
Trentham, Stoke-on-Trent



□ I wish to nominate purple mooshed Mr Misery and Man. United manager Alex Ferguson as the Celebrity Cunt of 1996. I heard that Newcastle General Hospital had been promised the autographed match ball from the recent Newcastle versus Man. United game. It was to be auctioned to raise funds for a local cancer appeal. However, after their five-nil "blipping" his squad marched straight onto the team coach like a bunch of truculent school girls - needless to say without signing the ball.

John McKenna
Blaydon

P.S. I'm not biased.

** We don't believe that for a minute, John. From what we've heard, Alex Ferguson works hard for charity, and is a very warm, generous, human being. And so is his solicitor.*



□ Rodney Bewes is a cunt. He trod on my son's lollipop outside Boots in York in 1990.

Julia Reed (nee Kneale)
York

□ My dad served tearful Jokers Wild drink/drive remorse outburst comedian Ted Ray in Ryman's of London in 1955, and apparently he was both 'mean' and 'obnoxious'. That's 'a cunt' to you and me.

E. Browse
Dagenham

□ I think the bloke out of The Fugees who keeps saying "one time" is a cunt. That's all.

D. Hart
Newark

We want YOU to choose the winning cunt by voting for your first, second and third choice using the form below. You can vote for anyone nominated in this issue, or from previous issues (see following list). If you're a bit of a sad cunt yourself you can vote by E mail, at the following address:

web@johnbrown.co.uk

Don't post your form to that address. It's just for computers. The winning Celebrity Cunt will be named in the next issue, and will be presented with a certificate, and a cheque for £15.

CUNT RECAP...

DJ Terry Wogan (acted the cunt), comic Ken Dodd (left, small tip), actor Lewis Collins (pouted in pub), actress Emma Wray (no particular reason), guitarist Gary Moore (arrogant cunt), Carry On actor Kenneth Williams (treated tailor like shit), Three Degree Sheila Ferguson (acted the cunt while eating steak and chips), slapstick comic Michael Crawford (got bloke sacked), actor Peter Bowles (flicked ash on blokes trainers), floozy Paula Yates (left litter), TV host Derek Griffiths (put big fence up), comic Bobby Davro (nicked some bokes Queen LP), Councillor Guy Senior (mouths off about hippies), wrestler Giant Haystacks (looked miserable), Pop star Elton John (took a huff), pop group Status Quo (wouldn't let support band in dressing room), racing driver Nigel Mansell (wore fancy overalls in airport lounge), pop singer Cheryl Baker (got strop-py), fat bearded bloke Willie Rushton (ignored small child), actress Gail Tilsley (refused unwanted autograph), singer Lulu (swore at fan), Lloyds name and roofing felt salesman Henry Cooper (swore at fan), multi faceted celebrity Lionel Blair (nicked bloke's wife's taxi), actor John Thaw (swore at fan), fat actor Robbie Coltrane

(tore up fanzines), short arse jockey Willie Carson (ran over bloke's foot), short arse comic Ronnie Corbett (had bloke's chucked out of golf club), bird fan Billie Oddie (swore at fan and attempted to kick their arse), fashion guru Jeff Banks (was rude to student), lanky ginger top Mick Hucknall (frowned at bird's hairy armpits), stumpy comic Charlie Drake (left small tip), actor David Jason (burped deliberately), pop star Andy McCluskey (sarcastic and did silly dance), TV host Noel Edmonds (had elephant shot), TV host Keith Chegwin (was abrupt with fan), TV host John Leslie (shagged Catherine Zeta-Jones, the jammy cunt), Ian Astbury out of The Cult (declined to shake fan's hand), actor director writer singer songwriter producer sound man lighting engineer make up artist and Welsh nationalist Jimmy Nail (got out of bed), TV guru Janet Street Porter (refused autograph), pop star David Bowie (nicked twenty Marlborough), footballer John Radford (swore at fan), pop star Bob Geldof (had sheep in garden), good old fashioned entertainer Danny La Rue (swore at postman), Gladiator Carlton Headly (doesn't ring mates any more), actor Mike Reid (gave traffic cops the wanker sign), guitarist Pete Townsend (swore at fan), hand puppet Basil Brush (ignored young heckler during pantomime), singer Peter Skellern (turned nose up at sandwich), comic Jim Davidson (threatened garage cashier), TV host Chris Searle (swore at garage cashier), Pete Willis out of Def Leppard (got shirty with garage cashier), TV host Richard Madeley (bought classical CDs and definitely didn't steal anything), football manager Brian Clough (swore at fan), punk Joe Strummer (swore at fan), actor Richard O'Sullivan (bowked up in golf club), rugby star Dean Richards (was bully at school), actress Kathy Tate (threatened to have fans chucked out of club), actress Kate Beckinsale (asked bloke for car back). You may also choose from the current nominations in this issue.

Celebrity Cunt Voting Form

Well, by the sound of it the following celebrities are proper cunts, and no mistake.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Signed Date.....

Cut out this form (or copy it) and send it to:
Viz Celebrity Anthony Blunt Competition,
P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle on Tyne, NE99 1PT

FILL UP with brussel sprouts at lunchtime on Christmas Day, then go carol singing in the afternoon. Try and contain your obnoxious farts until the pause immediately after "five gold rings" for maximum comic effect.

Run Rig
Loch Lomond

POUR a handful of tiny ball bearings into your socks each morning to make them easier to remove come the evening.

Paul Atkin
Ipswich

AT £300 a Psion personal organiser makes the ideal Christmas gift for someone who wants to know whether its batteries are running out yet.

P. A.
Suffolk

ELIMINATE irritating shadows next time you go outside by shining a powerful torch at them.

P.A.
Ipswich

LARD ARSES. Enjoy a healthier fried breakfast by sprinkling washing powder with fat digesters onto it instead of salt.

N. Opee
Kew

PET shop owners. When planning your shop layout, position slow moving animals like tortoises near the exits to give them a better chance of escape in the event of a fire.

S.R.
Grimsby

PLASTIC UHT cream and milk cartons from service stations make ideal 'Quaker hats' for Action Men.

M.F. Phillips
Burton-upon-Trent

RICE pudding eaters. Take a tip from pond owners. Place a ping pong ball on top of your pudding. When a skin forms, simply remove the ball leaving a neat hole through which to eat the pudding.

J.T.
Imblingham

FATTIES. Put a banana in each side of your mouth then look in a mirror. Elephant features.

A. Bottlebank (green only)
Asda Carpark

JACK Charlton. Give your brother Bobby a Shredded Wheat for Christmas. Cut in half and glued to his baldy scalp it will resemble an attractive head of hair with a neat centre parting.

Martin Emmerson
Hartlepool



AVOID paying over the odds for hardback books. Simply buy the paperback version, immerse it in water, then pop it into the freezer for 3 hours.

A.S.
Edinburgh

MILLIONAIRE motor mouthed ginger tops with faces like a yak's arse. Ridicule the fat and ugly on TV to distract viewers from your own aesthetic shortcomings.

Richard Luck
Selly Oak, Birmingham

TOP TIPS

Weigh in your words of wisdom. We pay £10 CASH plus a unique, 'Top Tips' pen. ('Unique' in that we only had 1,000 made.) Write to Top Tips, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT.

AIR HOSTESSES. Make pulling your trolley easier by asking aisle passengers to dip their elbows in a saucer of lubricating oil before take off.

John Kean
Docklands

FARMERS. Treat your sheep to a Marks and Spencers party dip this year. Cucumber and yoghurt, blue cheese, or perhaps even oriental herbs and spices flavour. They'll make a lovely change from sheep dip, and have the advantage of containing no organo phosphates.

U. D.
Marsworth, Bucks.

TAKE your own cheese slice to McDonalds. Pop it into a hamburger and hey presto! A cheeseburger. This money saving tip was brought to you by Tim Wilkes.

T. Wilkes
Groundhurst, Kent

WRITE down the price of everything you buy so that in years to come you can annoy your grandchildren with greater accuracy.

M. Traintu
Georgia

BREAST feeding mothers. Pop a fresh tea bag into each bra cup. They'll absorb any excess milk, avoiding embarrassing stains. Later you can drop them into a cup of boiling water to make sweet, ready milked tea.

Urinal Dockrat
Marsworth, Bucks.

A HEDGEHOG trained to scuttle up and down the table from guest to guest makes an unusual mobile cheese and pineapple cube nibble dispenser at cocktail parties.

L. Traintu
Clarkesville



EVADE hose pipe bans by painting your garden hose pink and threading it up your trouser leg and out of your flies.

S. D. T.
Hexham

GARDENERS. As the winter draws in, remove the fingers from old woollen gloves to make handy frost covers for your carrots.

J. Tait
Thropton

CAN'T afford a colour telly? Simply smear your black and white telly screen with Grecian 2000. Hey presto! Your picture will gradually turn to colour. Possibly.

Martin Harwood
Marketing Director
Grecian 2000 (UK) Ltd,
Bradford

CARRY on looking for lost items for a few moments after you have found them. That way they will not "always be in the last place you look".

Luke Tucker
Hayes, Middlesex

COAT exterior doors with strawberry jam. It has an attractive textured, glossy effect, but its principal advantage over traditional wood finishes is that it traps flies, which can then be swatted at your convenience.

R. R.
Nottingham

COVERT trainers to temporary football boots by melting the base of Rolos and gently sticking them to the sole.

Eric Twilley
Reading

FOR an extra long Christmas kiss swap your girlfriend's Lipsyl for a Prittstick.

Mr Bond
Eyepresume

ORANGE peel makes an ideal substitute for dried apricot, and tastes pretty much the same.

J.T.
Northumberland

BORED housewives. Make your hubby look like James Bond by looking at him through an old toilet roll tube.

John Tait
Thropton

JEAN PIERRE and his pet croissant



SHAVEN CAPERS WITH BARBARA CARTLAND

DISTINGUISHED ROMANTIC NOVELIST DAME BARBARA CARTLAND WAS RELAXING AT HOME

BING BONG

MERCY ME! THAT'S THE DOORBELL

AND HERE'S ME DRESSED ONLY IN MY NIGHTIE

MORNING, MISS - I'VE COME TO REPAIR YOUR TV SET

TV REPAIR

TOOLS

MY! COME ON IN - I'LL FIX US BOTH A DRINK

JUST THEN

HELP! HELP!

GOODNESS - WHAT ON EARTH'S GOING ON?

HELP! THE BARBER SHOP GANG ARE TRYING TO STEAL MY MOUSTACHE!

SILENCE WHILST WE APPLY SHAVING FOAM TO YOUR UPPER LIP!

THE BARBER SHOP GANG! THOSE CROOKS HAVE BEEN TERRORISING THE CITY FOR MONTHS BY STEALING THE MOUSTACHES OF INNOCENT CITIZENS AND SELLING THEM ON THE INTERNATIONAL FACIAL HAIR MARKET

I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM

PAUSING ONLY TO GET DRESSED, BARBARA CARTLAND RUSHED OUT INTO THE STREET

TAKE YOUR RAZORS OFF THAT MAN'S 'TACHE, YOU FIENDS!

GROAN

RUN FOR IT, LADS BEFORE SHE CALLS THE COPS

SHORTLY, AT THE HOSPITAL

YOUR COURAGEOUS ACTION SAVED THREE QUARTERS OF THIS GENTLEMAN'S MOUSTACHE, DAME BARBARA

I JUST DID WHAT ANY DECENT PERSON WOULD'VE DONE, DOCTOR

SAY! WHO'S THAT ARISTOCRATIC COUPLE OVER THERE, DOCTOR?

THAT'S LORD AND LADY TRIMPTON...

THEY'RE HERE TO OPEN THE NEW SIDEBURNS UNIT IN OUR HOSPITAL

HER LADYSHIP SEEMS RATHER ANXIOUS

OH DEAR, I WISH THE POLICE WOULD CAPTURE THAT AWFUL BARBER SHOP GANG

THERE'S NO TELLING WHO WILL NEXT FALL VICTIM TO THEIR REIGN OF MOUSTACHE-DEPILATING TERROR

DON'T WORRY MY DEAR, I'M SURE WE'RE PERFECTLY SAFE HERE IN THE HOSPITAL

NOW LET US PROCEED WITH THE CEREMONY

BUT I HEREBY DECLARE THIS SIDEBURNS UNIT OP-UMPH!

SQUIRT!

SHAVE FOAM

SHRIEK! IT'S THE BARBER SHOP GANG

LOP!

WITH A FLICK OF THE RAZOR, ONE MEMBER OF THE EVIL GANG DEFTLY WHIPPED OFF LORD TRIMPTON'S TACHE

HA! HA! LORD TRIMPTON'S MAGNIFICENT HANDLEBARS WILL BE WORTH A FORTUNE IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN LIP-WHISKER TRADE

AND NOW - FAREWELL!

WAIL! THEY'VE TAKEN MY HUSBAND'S MOUSTACHE

SOMEBODY PLEASE DO SOMETHING OR HE WILL SURELY DIE!

AHA! ONE OF THE GANG HAS DROPPED A BOTTLE OF AFTER SHAVE

THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA

BARBARA CARTLAND HURLED THE BOTTLE AT THE FLEEING VILLAINS WITH ALL HER MIGHT

CRACK!

TIME TO "SPLASH IT ALL OVER" YOU BRUTES!

OOFYAH!

THE BARBER SHOP GANG HAVE GOT AWAY - BUT THEY DROPPED LORD TRIMPTON'S MOUSTACHE

THANK GOODNESS! WE SHOULD STILL BE ABLE TO SEW IT BACK ONTO HIS LORDSHIPS FACE

THE TRANSPLANT OPERATION WAS SOON COMPLETED

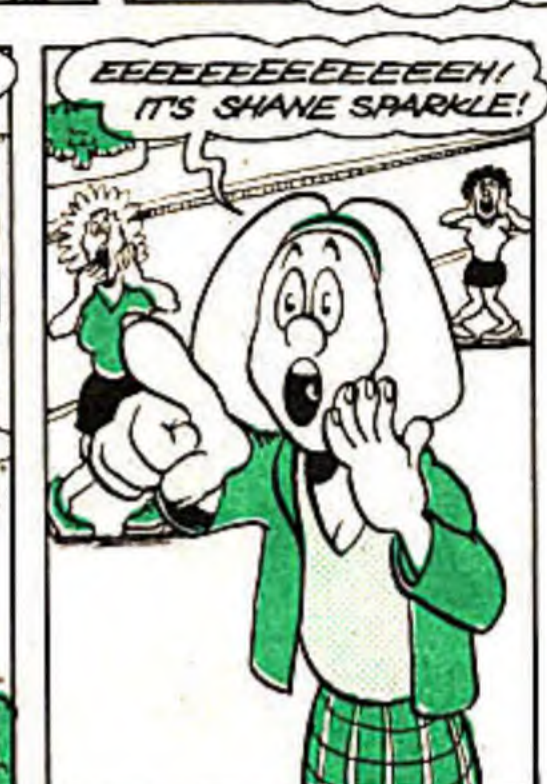
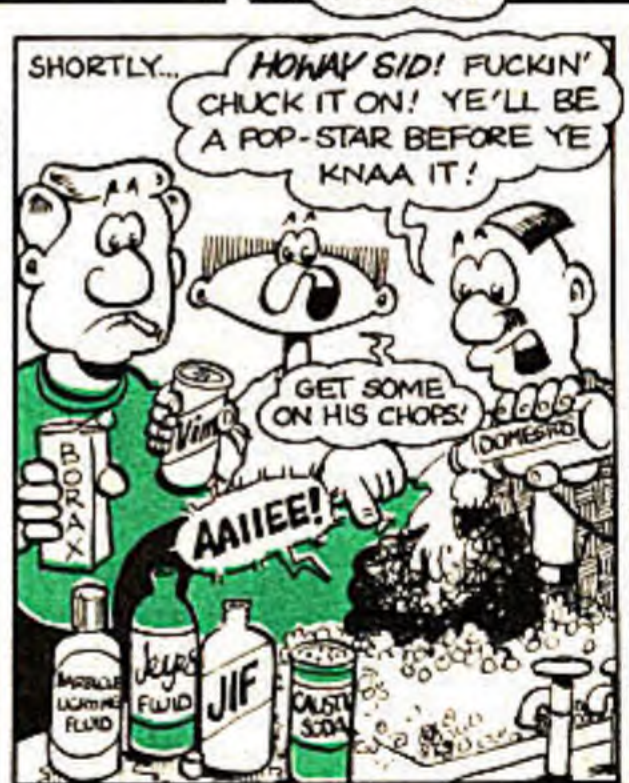
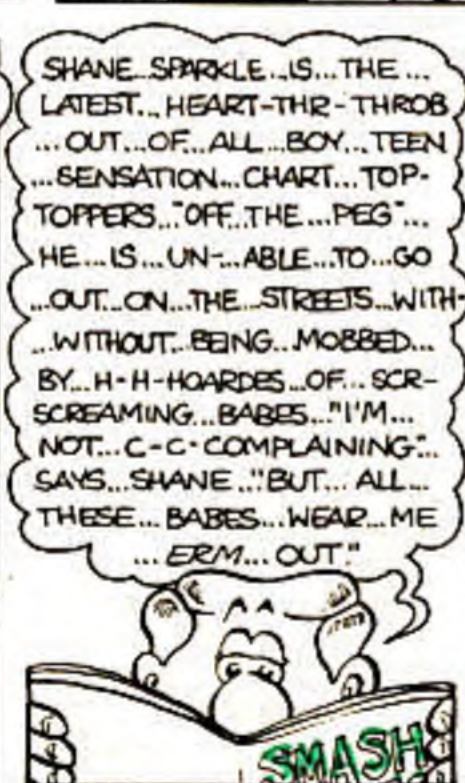
NICE WORK, DAME BARBARA

THANKS TO YOUR QUICK-THINKING MY HUSBAND IS REUNITED WITH HIS MOUSTACHE ONCE MORE

AS A REWARD, PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO SHAVE MY QUIM, AND THEN LOOK AT IT?

NO THANKS, LADY TRIMPTON - I THINK I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF SHAVING TO LAST ME A LIFETIME!

HA HA HA HA!



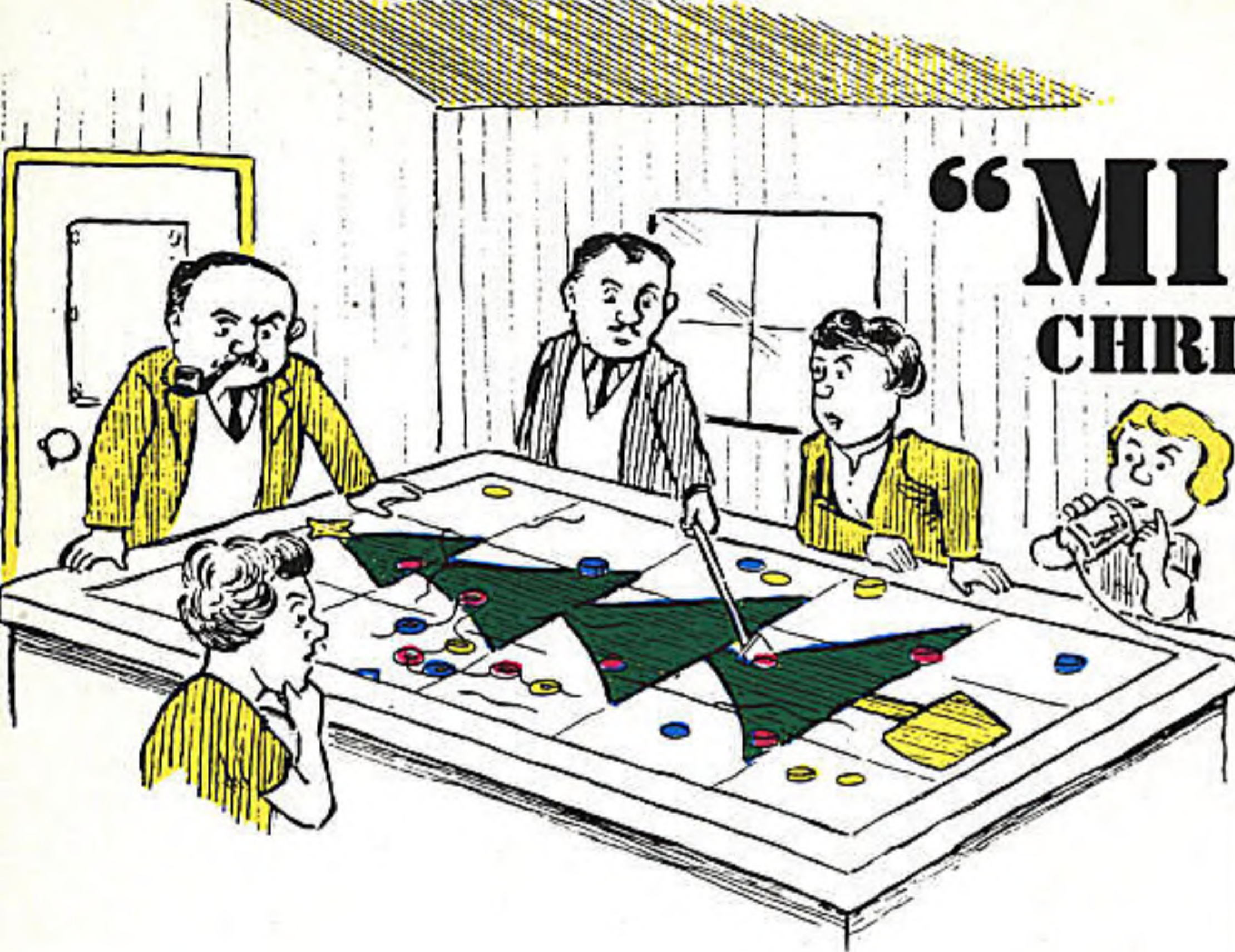
"We will hang them on the branches"

Its 'D' for Decoration Day with

the late Winston Churchill's

"MILA-TREE" CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

STRATEGY OPERATIONS PLANNER



DECORATING your Christmas tree is a nightmare that nobody looks forward to. A badly planned and executed campaign can have disastrous results. Your best decorations can end up crowded at the top of the tree, leaving the lower branches bare and dangerously exposed. Hours can be wasted wrapping fairy lights around the tree only to find insufficient flex remains to reach the socket. And in the absence of a tactical overview, precious decorations can be squandered on areas which are out of sight and therefore of no strategic importance.

This year you can decorate your tree with military precision thanks to Winston Churchill's "Mila-tree" Strategy Christmas Decorations Operations Planner. Why expose yourself to risk clambering about on chairs precariously trying to drape tinsel across your tree, when you could be calmly coordinating a successful campaign of decoration from the safety of this decoration nerve centre. The Milatree Planner enables you to oversee the planning and execution of your tree decorations while your family or friends do the dirty work at the Christmas tree front. And a unique system of field communications means you can keep your tree plans a secret from prying neighbours.



"If my husband were alive today I'm sure he would use the 'Mila-tree' Strategy Christmas Decorations Operations Planner"
Mrs Winston Churchill

INSTRUCTIONS

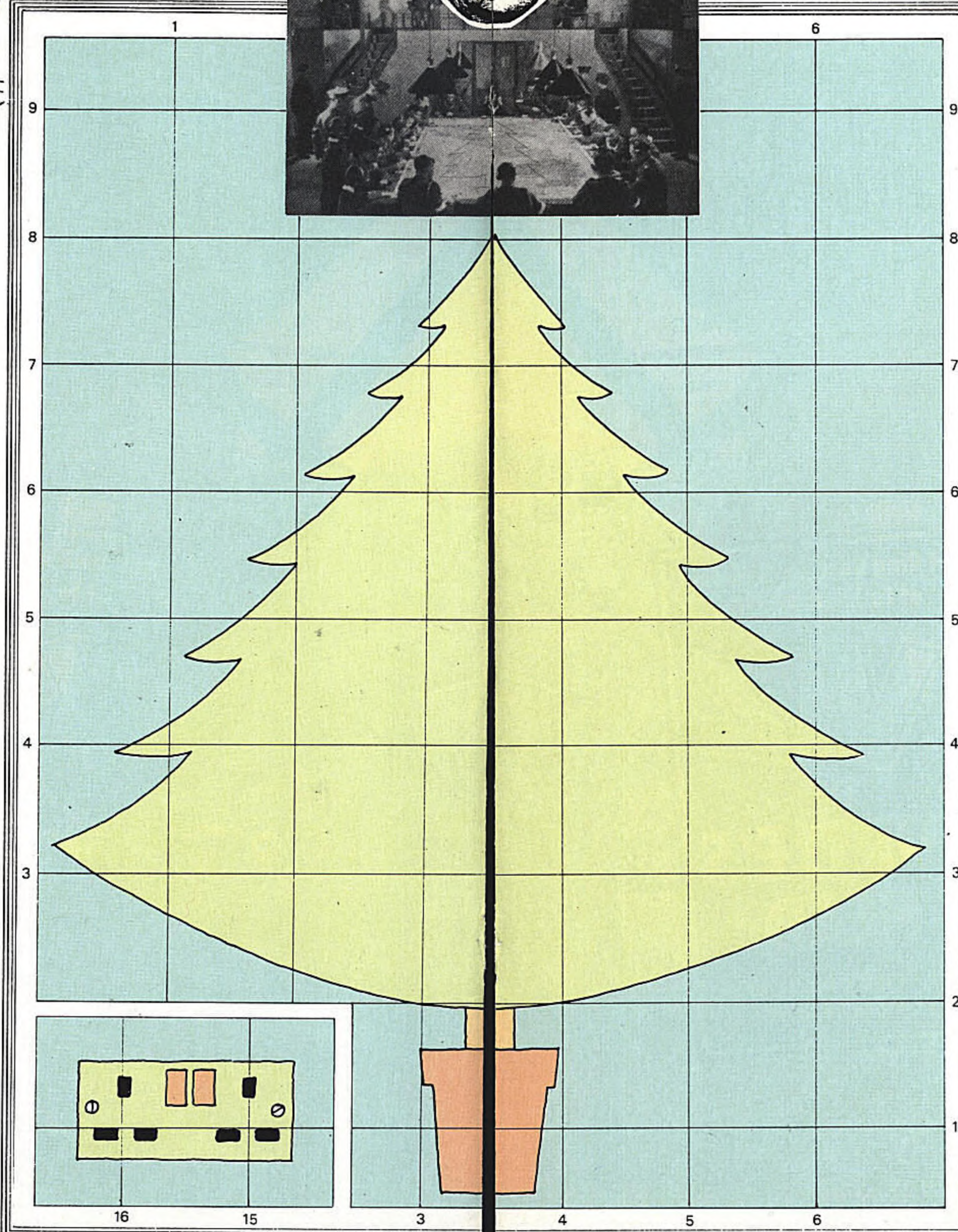
Set up an Operations Headquarters in your shed, attic or basement, a safe distance from your Christmas tree. Cut out the Christmas Tree Chart and place it in the centre of a large table.

MARKERS

Use confectionery as markers to indicate the strategic positions of your decorations on the tree. Baubles can be represented by Smarties or Fruit Pastilles, and fairy lights by Fruit Polos threaded on a length of string. For tinsel you can use wet spaghetti. Stick a triangle of Toblerone chocolate onto the end of a straw (see fig. 1). Use this to push your markers around the Christmas tree chart, plotting changes in the positions of decorations. The chart is divided into a grid. Relay decoration positions to your operatives at the tree front using a system of grid co-ordinates.

COMMUNICATIONS

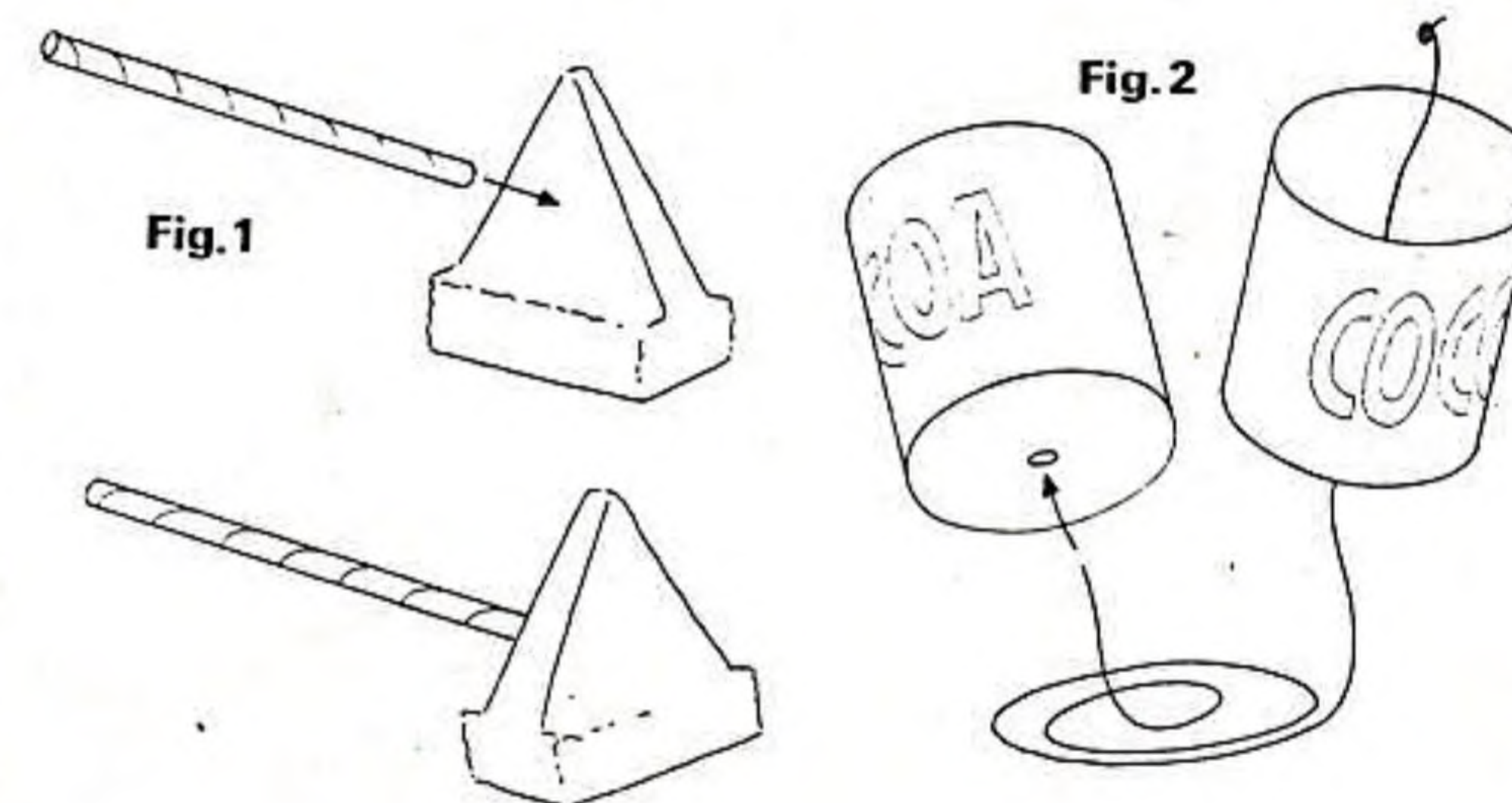
These instructions to the tree front can be sent safely using a simple field telephone system consisting of two empty Cocoa tins joined by a long length of string. (See fig. 2)



TREEFARE TIPS

Here are a few tips to help you lead a victorious offensive against your tree.

1. Establish your fairy light positions first. They form a solid bridgehead, and moving them about later once hanging novelties are in position could lead to bauble casualties.
2. When hanging fairy lights a white 'tracer' bulb at the top of the tree will light up lower branches when decorating at night.
3. Never reveal more than one decoration co-ordinate at a time to your operators. The less information they have, the less they can reveal should they inadvertently speak to your neighbours.
4. Your operators should store decorations in a safe place away from the tree. They should carry breakable decorations (e.g. glass baubles) to the tree one at a time, in case they fall and drop them.
5. Decorate your tree at an unusual time of the day. The element of surprise will help to confuse and disorientate your neighbour. If he became aware of your plans he could copy your decoration positions and scupper your entire campaign.



MORSE CODE

Relay messages on your field telephone using this simple code of long and short "Beeps" in case your neighbour is listening in.

A - Bip beeeeee B - Beeeeep bip bip bip C - Beeeeep bip beeeep bip D - Beeeeep bip bip E - Bip F - Bip bip beeeep bip G - Beeeeep beeeep bip H - Bip bip bip bip, I - Bip bip J - Bip beeeep beeeep beeeep etc.

LUVVIE DARLING

LUVVIE IS "RESTING" BETWEEN JOBS...

MY DEAR FELLOW - DON'T WORRY! AS I BELIEVE JEREMY IRONS - WINSY SAID, "THE TELEVISION IS FOR APPEARING ON AND NOT FOR WATCHING."

SORRY 'BOUT THIS, MR. DARLING - BUT I'M ONLY DOING MY JOB.

QUICKLY - THROW SOME MORE FINAL DEMANDS ON THE FIRE MY DEAR. IT'S GOING OUT.

OH, YES

IT'S A PITY YOU DIDN'T GET THAT PART YOU WERE AFTER LAST WEEK

A PITY INDEED. SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR. FROM 100 AT THE AUDITIONS, THE DIRECTOR NARROWED IT DOWN TO ME AND LEWIS COLLINS, YOU KNOW.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE CHOSE HIM, LUVVIE. YOU HAVE STAGECRAFT, YOU HAVE PROTECTION. YOU HAVE PRESENCE.

YES BUT LEWIS HAD HIS OWN PANTOMIME UDDERS, AND I THINK THAT SWUNG IT FOR HIM IN THE END.

HANG ON - THIS ONE ISN'T A BILL. IT'S A LETTER ADDRESSED TO YOU.

OH? LET ME SEE.

GASP! IT'S FROM GRANADA PRODUCTIONS - "DEAR MR. DARLING, WOULD YOU PLEASE REPORT TO THE CORONATION STREET SOUNDSTAGE IN MANCHESTER ON DECEMBER 12th AT 7 AM, TO PLAY 2nd MAN EATING ONE OF BETTYS HOT-POTS IN THE ROVERS..."

OH MY GOD! LET ME SIT DOWN. THIS IS IT! THE BIG ONE! THEY DON'T COME ANY BIGGER. IT'S THE STREET! I'M ON THE STREET!

WHY ME...? THEY MUST HAVE SEEN MY ONE-MAN SHOW ABOUT OSCAR WILDE...

BUT SURELY - THERE WERE FOUR OF YOU IN THAT.

YES - BUT THERE WAS ONLY ONE MAN IN THE AUDIENCE.

OR PERHAPS IT WAS MY KING LEAR AT THE PRINCE OF WALES, CLACTON. YES - THAT'S IT! THEY WOULD HAVE SEEN ME PLAY A KING - YET REALISED I WAS A BLANK CANVAS UPON WHICH COULD BE PAINTED A PAUPER! AT LAST - I HAVE BEEN RECOGNISED AS THE FOOTSOLDIER OF THE GODDESS THESPIS THAT I AM!

GOD BLESS THESE MEN OF VISION! GOD BLESS THESE LEVIATHANS ON PIGMIES' SHOULDERS, WHO SAW THE TALENT TO WHICH OTHERS WERE BLIND... TO IMAGINE THE SCENE - IT'S THE GRANADA TELEVISION BOARDROOM, THE PRODUCER'S PLANGENT TONES DEMANDING MY SERVICES, MY NAME RINGING THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF POWER...

CORONATION STREET CASTING OFFICE

LUVVIE DARLING... OR IS IT DARLING? NEVER HEARD OF HIM. HE'LL BE TEN QUID A DAY. HELL DO.

STAB!

IT MAY BE A SMALL, NON-SPEAKING PART, BUT FROM LITTLE ACORNS DO MIGHTY SYCAMORES GROW. BETTYS HOT-POT WILL BE MY SPRINGBOARD TO STARDOM... I CAN SEE IT NOW...

I WILL STEAL THE SCENE. THE PUBLIC WILL DEMAND MORE! I'LL BE OFFERED A PERMANENT RÔLE. I'LL MARRY A PRINCIPAL CHARACTER... AND BECOME FATHER OF THE STREET!

EVENTUALLY, THEY'LL TRY TO WRITE ME OUT. BASTARDS! OH THEY CAN TRY - BUT THE PUBLIC - MY PUBLIC - WILL HAVE NONE OF IT!

THEY'LL BE BESIEGED. PROTESTS AT THE STUDIO GATES... THE PAPERS WILL LAUNCH PETITIONS... "BRING BACK LUVVIE"... HEADS I WILL ROLL... I'LL BE BROUGHT BACK TRIUMPHANTLY!

I'LL OPEN SUPERMARKETS AND GARDEN FÊTES. I'LL NOT FORGET THE LITTLE MAN! AH, YES! FAME! THAT FICKLE MISTRESS - HAS BEEN A LONG TIME BECKONING ME - AND NOW I AM READY TO ANSWER THAT CALL.

YOU KNOW - HA! - I REMEMBER TALKING TO DEAR DEAR DEAR TREVVIE WEUVIE NUNNY-WUNNY BUNNYKINSY-WINSY YEARS AGO - WHEN I WAS AT RADA. "LUVVIE," HE SAID, "HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE TOP."

ERM YES... ONCE, I WAS DRIVING A VAN FOR TEXAS HOMECARE AT THE TIME. I HAD TO DELIVER SOME LOFT INSULATION. BUT ANYWAY, IT WAS HIS SUBTEXT THAT STRUCK ME. IT WASN'T WHAT HE SAID, IT WAS THE WAY HE SAID IT.

NEXT MORNING... I MUST GO NOW - FOR FAME AWAITS ME. I LEAVE THESE HALLOWED PORTALS AS PLAIN LUVVIE DARLING...

... TO RETURN HITHER AS WHO KNOWS WHAT!

SIX WEEKS LATER...

I'LL JUST REWIND THE TAPE AND FREEZE THE FRAME SO WE CAN WATCH IT AGAIN.

THERE! LOOK! I'M PRETTY SURE THAT'S MY HAND HOLDING THAT SPOON JUST BEHIND CURLY WATTSS EAR.

OH LUVVIE, YOU WERE WONDERFUL!

OH YES - WELL! - IT WAS A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE - A SPIRITUAL HOMECOMING IF YOU WILL. THE CAST WERE SO GENEROUS - THEY WELCOMED ME INTO THEIR BOSOM...

WELL THEY WOULD HAVE DONE, HAD I BEEN ALLOWED TO SPEAK TO THEM...

DO YOU KNOW, THEY THOUGHT SO HIGHLY OF US EXTRAS - THAT WE WERE GIVEN OUR OWN CANTEN? TWO MILES FROM THE STUDIO SO WE WOULDN'T BE DISTURBED!

GOSH!

OOH LOOK, LUVVIE - IT'S A LETTER FROM GRANADA!

AH, YES! I THOUGHT SO. THEY'VE GIVEN IN TO PRESSURE FROM THE PUBLIC, DEMANDING MY RETURN.

THEY'VE WRITTEN ME A RÔLE! I WONDER HOW MANY-FACED MY CHARACTER WILL BE. AH - THE VERY CHALLENGE OF IT ALL.

NO. IT'S FROM GRANADA RENTALS. WERE TWO MONTHS IN ARREARS AND THEY'RE TAKING THE TELLY BACK AGAIN.

SO... YES, I DID ONE EPISODE OF THE STREET, BUT IT WAS TOO CLAUSTROPHOBIC. I FELT I WAS BEING TYPECAST - SOMEHOW "PIGEON-HOLED" IN THAT OEUVRE. I WANTED TO EXPLORE OTHER ASPECTS OF MY CAREER - DEVELOP MORE COMPLEX, ROUNDED CHARACTERS.

CUE LUVVIE!

SORRY. MUST DASH.

Radio Stockton on Tees ROAD SHOW 96.25 MHz 12.15pm

BLOBBY! BLOBBY! BLOBBY!... eim...

PROMPT

THE CRITICS

Review: 101 DALMATIANS
In spite of references to Croatian refugees in the title, this film is, in fact, a noiresque pastiche of Jacobean revenge tragedy, which raises deep questions concerning the Freudian quest for animal identity through possession of man. The recurring Orwellian '101' motif leads one to

WELL, THAT'S MY LAST REVIEW OF THE YEAR FAXED OFF TO THE GUARDIAN... I'M ON HOLIDAY!
ME TOO!
WHIRRRRR

HOW ONE RELISHES A FEW QUIET DAYS AWAY FROM THE SYCOPHANTIC FAWNING AND PRETENTIOUSNESS WHICH PERVADES THE WORLD OF THE ARTS...
INDEED... NOW LET'S SEE WHAT THE POST HAS BROUGHT...

TSK! ANOTHER REVOLTINGLY SENTIMENTAL CARD... SOME OF OUR FRIENDS HAVE NO SENSE OF AESTHETICS...
HAPPY XMAS

WOW!!
WHAT IS IT?

IT'S A LETTER FROM SIR PETER BROOKE-GROANAWAY, THE FILM AUTEUR, ART CONNOISSEUR AND INTERNATIONAL THEATRE DIRECTOR...
SIR PETER?! WRITING TO US?!

"Dear Crispin and Natasha,
I am making one of my rare trips back to Britain and, as I know you have been loyal supporters of my work, I wonder if I might prevail upon your hospitality and pay you a Christmas Day visit?"

ONE IS OVERWHELMED BY THE PROSPECT OF RECEIVING SUCH A COLOSSAL GENIUS INTO ONE'S HUMBLE HOME!
WE MUST ENSURE THAT OUR HOUSE IS AESTHETICALLY WORTHY OF HIS PRESENCE...

A day later...
RIGHT, WE'VE CREATED A PURE UNCLUTTERED SPACE... MAYBE JUST A FEW BOOKS, RANDOMLY SELECTED FROM OUR COLLECTION...
THE LONELY GENIUS: A PERSONAL MEMOIR OF SIR PETER BROOKE-GROANAWAY

LET'S COMMISSION SOME NEW WORKS OF ART FROM A DARING YOUNG ARTIST.
OH YES! I'M SURE SIR PETER WILL BE IMPRESSED THAT WE'RE BRINGING A STRUGGLING YOUNG TALENT INTO AN ALL TOO CLIQUEY ART MARKET...

HI, AUNT NATASHA.
GOOD OF YOU TO TAKE ON THIS COMMISSION, DAMIEN.

WE THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU MIGHT CREATE SOME PIECES AROUND A CHRISTMAS THEME...
...SUBVERT SOCIETY'S PRECONCEPTIONS OF THE LOW-ART STATUS OF SEASONAL DECORATION...
NAH PROBS... JUS' GIVE US THE CHEQUE AN I'LL SORT YOU SOMETHING AHT, AWRIGHT?
£100,000
MRS COUNCIL

Later...
FOUGHT I'D START IN THIS ROOM...
A CHRISTMAS TREE! ER... WE HAD SOMETHING RATHER MORE... ER... RADICAL IN MIND...

NAH, NAH! I'M NOT GONNA PUT IT UP!.. I'M USIN' THE NEEDLES TO DO A WORD-ART FLOOR-INSTALLATION SEE?
SHAKE
SPRINKLE

DAMIEN FORGES THE VERY SUBSTANCE OF NATURE ITSELF INTO AN ODE TO THE SAVAGE BEAUTY OF WINTER...
PECK
ART
IT'S
CHRISTMAS

NOW, HOW ABOUT AN INSTALLATION IN THE LIVING ROOM?
YEAH, I GOT AN IDEA FOR THAT... HAD TO SEND OFF TO LAPLAND FOR THE MATERIALS...

SURELY BRITISH ART HAS FOUND ITS NEW ENFANT TERRIBLE...
FORMALDENE

Christmas Day...
SIR PETER WILL BE HERE AT ANY MOMENT... LOOK, I'VE FOUND SOME EASTERN EUROPEAN ANIMATION ON VIDEO TO WATCH, INSTEAD OF ALL THOSE SHALLOW BRITISH CARTOONS THEY SHOW AT CHRISTMAS...
FAUCH SOME CHEESE GROMOVICH?
WALLSHY AND GROMOVICH

THE LUNCH IS NEARLY READY... I'M SURE SIR PETER WON'T WANT TO CONTAMINATE HIS PALATE WITH THE BLAND STODGE WHICH PASSES FOR COOKING IN THIS COUNTRY...

...SO WE'RE HAVING A ROULADE OF QUAIL'S FOOT PÂTÉ AND OAK-SMOKED GARLIC, ENFOLDED IN A CHOCOLATE AND CORIANDER SAUCE, SERVED ON A FUTON OF LIGHTLY SAUTÉED WILD RICE FOLLOWED BY A...
RRING!
RRING!

CRISPIN?... PETER HERE... AFRAID I'LL BE A BIT LATE... AS I WAS DRIVING ACROSS LONDON I FELT MOVED TO STOP AND TAKE IN ALL THE WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS LIGHTS... QUITE OVERCOME!
PHONE BOX

HA HA! WHAT A WONDERFUL SENSE OF IRONY YOU HAVE SIR PETER!.. I'M SURE THE HIDEOUSLY KITSCH TAT WHICH DEFACES OUR CAPITAL'S ARCHITECTURE IS UNBEARABLY OFFENSIVE TO YOUR SENSITIVE EYE.
NOT AT ALL I LOVE IT!

I LOVE THE SIMPLE PROLETARIAN UNPRETENTIOUSNESS OF THE TRADITIONAL BRITISH CHRISTMAS... THE NAÏVE CARDS, THE TACKY TREES, THE PROPER TURKEY DINNER...

An hour later...
WELL, I'VE STUCK MOST OF THE NEEDLES BACK ONTO THE TREE AND PUT THE CARDS BACK UP BUT WE'LL NEVER GET A TURKEY AT THIS SHORT NOTICE!
HMM...

MARVELLOUS!... I MUST SAY, THAT'S THE BIGGEST TURKEY I'VE EVER SEEN!
John Fardell

TOP OF THE BOTS!

Sexy secrets of sizzling TV stunner Sam's arse

IT'S no coincidence that sexy Samantha Janus's name rhymes with anus. For that's exactly what the sizzling telly stunner has got.

At the bottom of her back Sam boasts two buttocks. And those, together with the hole in between, are her arse. And it's an arse which is rapidly becoming Sam's prized *asset*. For as well as turning the fella's heads, Sam's raunchy rear doubles as a cute cushion for her to sit on.

PILLOW

"My arse is soft - just like a pillow. So when I sit on it, my bones don't hurt", the stunning TV sexpot told us yesterday. But fellas hoping to inspect Sam's sumptuous behind at close quarters should beware. For it has a third, slightly less saucy, function. After Sam has ate something, shit comes out of it.

SMALL

Sam's ca-rear took off after she was chosen to represent Britain in the Eurovision Song Contest. Sadly she didn't *winnit*, but it wasn't long after that her shapely turd hopper began to catch the eye and TV roles quickly followed.

CARELESS

Wherever Sam goes her bum - which is pink and made out of skin - is never far behind. Even when she's filming her hit TV comedy series 'Pie In The Sky'. But the last thing the TV temptress wants is a pie in her pants. So she regularly visits the toilet to empty her bowel. And to avoid being nominated for the Eurovision Pong Contest, stunner Sam makes sure her shute is well wiped before she leaves the ladies.

RECKLESS

"Fellas can't get enough of my ring", sexpot Sam revealed after her arse was voted Britain's Best Butt by readers of Swelling Bollocks maga-

zine. Indeed, her panty peach is so popular she permanently keeps it under wraps. Trousers, knickers and skirts make up an impressive arsenal of protective clothing, keeping the star's bot hot in winter, and well away from prying eyes.

PLASTIC

Sam's Italian boyfriend, former stripper Mauro Manero, is probably her arse's number one fan. "But even he gives my jacksie a wide birth when

I've got one in the bomb bay", says the bubbly beauty who once appeared in a TV ad for fish fingers.

JILTED

Having a plum bum means that sexy Sam is spoilt for choice when it comes to farting. For the petite songstress can fart out of either of two holes - her arse or her chuff.

*Nice arse, eh fellas?
Stunning Sam's
raunchy rear view.*



Bot's it all about?

LIKE so many of the stars, Sam shrouds her arse in secrecy. But we decided to get to the bottom of it by revealing ten things you never knew about her beautiful blowhole.

1. Sam's arse muscle - the sphincter - works the opposite way round to a tube of toothpaste. Unlike most muscles which contract only when in use, Sam's sphincter permanently pulls - or contracts - in order to keep her bum shut. When she feels the turtle's head, Sam moves her bowel by deliberately relaxing the muscle whilst sitting on the toilet.

2. Sam's bum helps keep her trousers up by being wider than her waist, which is directly above it.

4. Just like teeth, arses can fall out too. A 'full rectal prolapse' is what doctors would call it if Sam's arse literally fell out!

5. Piles are Sam's arse's worst enemy. They are what it's called when blood vessels up the bum get big and fat and start to look like David Pleat's haircut.

Nowadays doctors can remove them in seconds using red hot metal scissors.

9. Sam's bumcheeks - the two sides of her arse - go up and down alternately when she is walking. This undulation takes place in a vertical plane, and is symetrically inverted along the axis of her bum crack. Scientists call this aesthetically appealing phenomm-mmm....mmmmmmom... a "wiggle".

10. Sam's arse is one of nature's miniature perfume factories. Natural odours are emitted from Sam's bot, despite her best efforts to prevent them. Many of these smells are so slight that the human nose cannot detect them. But if Sam were to walk around a council estate with no pants on, on a very hot day, packs of dogs would probably chase her, and frantically sniff her arse.

Your views on SAM'S ANUS

WE took to the streets to ask some of Britain's fellas what they thought about Samantha's sizzling bumhole.

BRICKLAYER Kevin Cresswell speculated that Sam's bottom would be much easier to wipe than his own.

He, 34, said "I've got a great big fat arse, and it can be a nightmare cleaning up after a few beers and a curry. I'd imagine Sam's is much easier to look after than my own".

QUANTITY SURVEYOR Ian Hall, 42, admits he is puzzled by the workings of Sam's sphincter. The dad of two, from Malton, North Yorks, said "If Sam has to constantly contract her sphincter muscle in order to keep her stools at bay, as it says elsewhere on this page, then how come she doesn't shit herself every time she goes to sleep?"

ZOOLOGIST Trevor Gregory, 18, who works at a zoo in Salford, Manchester, said that if Sam was a monkey, and was modelling for page three of a monkey tabloid, she would have to bare her bottom, not her breasts.

"Men monkeys don't go much on tits. They prefer ogling the lady monkeys' backsides. So did humans, when we were monkeys, many years ago. Nowadays we've stood up, and turned into people. We like tits most of all. But monkeys still prefer arses."

No doubt there's a few cheeky monkeys out there reading this who wouldn't mind getting their hands on Sam's arse! Or perhaps sticking a banana up it.



Wahay! It's the Bigg One!

SID the Sexist is celebrating the launch of his very own book. And four lucky readers will be joining him for a memorable neet oot on the hoy.

The Joy of Sexism is a boozy bonanza brimful of political incorrectness, the ideal gift for the man who likes his supper on the table when he gets home of a night time. Its crammed with brand new cartoons, photo stories and features; why not sit back, put your feet up, and read it while the missus looks after the kids and fetches you a can of beer. She can go out and buy you a copy from all good book and record shops, priced a mere £6.99. So it won't make a big dent in her house keeping.

TOOTY

We're giving away 50 copies, plus a special prize for one lucky winner - a tooty ogling night out for four in Newcastle's Bigg Market. We'll pay your train fare, buy your booze, put you up in the posh Bessie Surtees hotel for two nights, and even throw in a free curry at the award winning Rupali Restaurant in Newcastle's Bigg Market booze and birds theme park. It'll be a weekend to remember, although you probably won't.

So come on lads (and lassies). Show us how chauvinistic you can be by answering these 25 birds, booze and bonking questions:

1. Who recorded the politically incorrect pop ditty 'I believe) A Woman's Place Is In The Home'?



(b) Richard O'Sullivan
(c) Gilbert O'Sullivan

2. Which pop star's glamorous marriage to a leggy Brazilian beauty ended when he fell between two buses, sexuality wise, and decided to be a puff again?

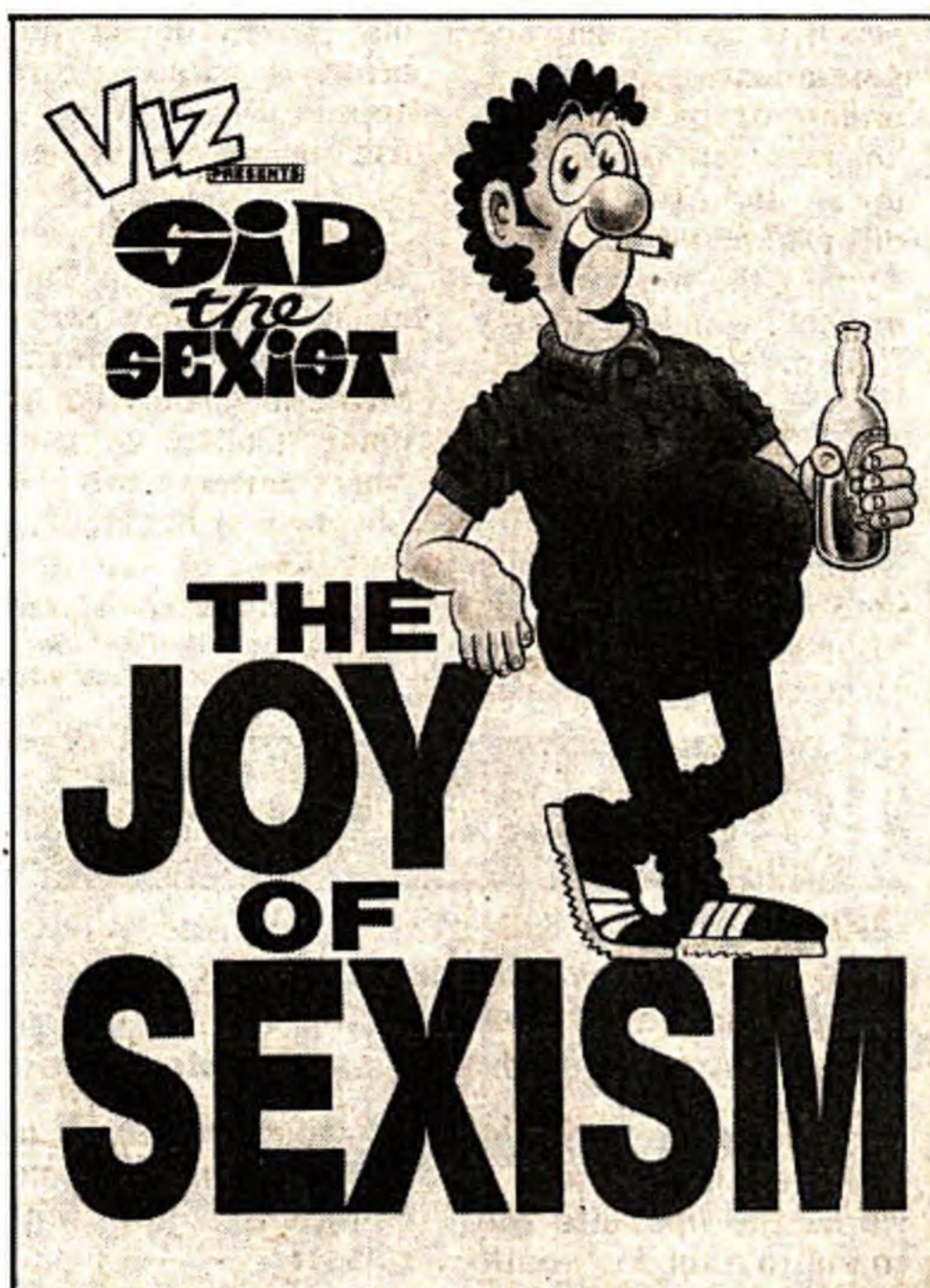
3. Flash bang wallop! Stars love cars. But the following fellas have all had their expensive motors wrecked. Two got friends to do it for them. Which one managed to crash all by himself, on his way home from the car showroom?

4. Page three stunner Jo Anne Guest, 34-24-34, hails from Chesterfield. Which of the following has she NOT appeared in a pop video with?



5. Which footballer did 24 year old Jo, who's a Pisces, once go out with?

6. What, according to the Sunday Sport, is Jo's favourite sex position?



plus fifty copies of Sid's new book

7. Fellow page three stunner Eve Vorley drives a bright blue Golf GTI. But what in her life does Eve love most of all?

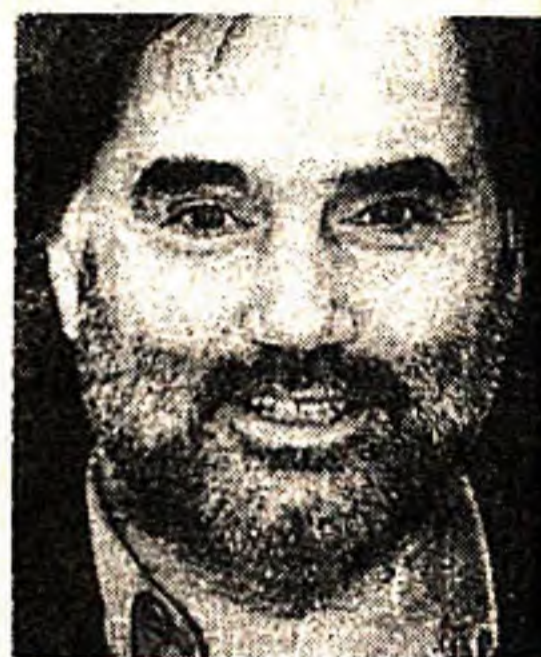
8. What does fellow page three stunner Lisa Bangert, who drives a red Golf GTI, hate most of all?

9. Which pop star did gorgeous page three stunner Curvy Kathy Lloyd once go out with?

10. Which of the following page three stunners has got the biggest tits?

11. Between them George Best and Peter Stringfellow have shagged over 10,000 page three girls. But American porn star John Holmes holds the world record for shagging women. How many birds did he shag?

12. Which succinct phrase did both George Best and Oliver Reid use on their celebrated live, boozy, shambolic TV appearances on Wogan and After Dark respectively?



13. Who was the big titted bird who famously ran topless across the pitch during an England versus Australia rugby game in 1982?

14. Self confessed wankaholic Jonathon Ross named his daughter after an obscure large breasted seventies movie star? What was her name?



15. Which celebrity bent nose said that for him, wanking has always been a bit of an art form?

(a) Erika Roe
(b) Chesty Morgan
(c) Victoria Wood

PRIZE BONANZA!!!

16. Which celebrity big ears told Q magazine that he likes a wank every day at 11am?

- (a) Prince Charles
- (b) Martin Clunes
- (c) Jimmy Nail

17. Which red hot bird did Michael Caine have uncensored live one-to-one telephone sex with in the movie Get Carter?

- (a) Raquel Welch
- (b) Britt Ekland



(c) Thora Hird

18. Which actress performed a sizzling girl-on-girl lesbian love scene in the sixties film 'The Killing of Sister George'?

- (a) Susan George and Judy Geeson
- (b) Glenda Jackson and Vanessa Redgrave
- (c) Julie Christie and Beryl Reid

19. Which former member of the Warmington-on-Sea home guard shagged a police woman in the film Confessions Of A Pop Performer?

- (a) Private Pike
- (b) Sponge



(c) Mr Godfrey

20. In which film was Captain Mainwaring present when a chocolate sandwich* took place?

- (a) Adventures of a Plumber's Mate
- (b) Oh Lucky Man
- (c) Car Wash

21. In which film did man mountain Marlon Brando get a bird to stick her finger up his jacksie, and also did something rude with a pound of butter?

- (a) Last Tango In Paris
- (b) Paris Texas
- (c) Clockwork Orange

22. Which pop group were arrested for pissing on a garage forecourt, but when the police arrived at their house they found a naked bird with a Marathon bar up her arse. Or something like that.

- (a) Blur
- (b) Take That
- (c) The Rolling Stones

23. Which news reader made the news himself when he romped with tied up lesbians live on TV while Sue Lawley watched?

- (a) Richard Baker
- (b) Nicholas Witchell
- (c) Trevor McDonald

24. What have the following blokes all got in common? Damon Albarn out of Blur, lardy buck-tooth David Mellor and former Likely Lad Rodney Bewes?



- (a) They all go rowing as a hobby and have triplets
- (b) They all support Chelsea
- (c) They're all going out with some nobby architect's daughter and sing in comical 'mockney' accents

25. Which unfortunate Blue Peter presenter, whilst admiring the famous door handles from Durham Cathedral, uttered the immortal and unintentional double entendre "What a lovely pair... of knockers".

- (a) Crap Scotch footballer John Leslie
- (b) Dopey Derbyshire bumpkin Simon Groome
- (c) Booze happy danger man John Noakes

26. It's every stars' dream to run their own boozer. But many become boozer losers when their boozers go bust. Only one of the following celebrity landlords is still serving. Which one?

- (a) Big chopped bandy legged seventies soccer star Malcolm MacDonald
- (b) Pig's head wielding punk Mensi out of the Angelic Upstarts
- (c) Dopey looking sod Benny out of Crossroads

27. Which gallon a day MP has received hospital treatment after drinking too much?

- (a) Tory Sir Nicholas Scott
- (b) Labour's Dennis Healey
- (c) Loony lefty Tony Benn

28. What boozy connection do wingnut headed 'Men Behaving Badly' star Martin Clunes, jingoistic light entertainment bigot Jim Davidson and hurricane balls up TV weather man Michael Fish all have in common?

- (a) They have all had real ales named after them
- (b) They are all heirs to the Guinness brewery fortune
- (c) They have all drunk driven

29. Which of the following fat Geordie comedians has NOT been in the papers recently for beating up his wife?

- (a) £130 a bottle wine quaffing soccer superstar Paul Gascoigne
- (b) Roy 'How dare you swear in front of my wife' Chubby Brown
- (c) Jimmy Nail

30. Finally, which adulterous star shat on his missus by having a fling with Chris de Burgh's nanny?

- (a) Paul Ross
- (b) Eamon Holmes
- (c) Chris de Burgh

Answers on a postcard to the usual address, to arrive by the 12th of January. The first correct entry out of the hat can look forward to painting the Toon broon - quite possibly with diarrhoea the morning after. The next 50 highest scorers will each be sent a copy of the Sid book.

* For a definition of the term chocolate sandwich consult Swear Mary's Swearing Dictionary on the Viz web site: www.viz.co.uk



Besta luck!

(You'll need it if you win one of these)



MEAL-IN-A-BOX merchants VESTA have just launched a stomach curdling new range of fossil fresh foreign cuisine. A kind of 'Cardboardbox Noodles', you just add water, and stand well back.

These delicious, nutritional, bottom watering meals are ideal for anyone who isn't too fussy about what they eat. They come with the Vesta 'Good Food Guarantee', and can be cooked in a conventional oven or microwave. There's Beef Curry, Chicken Curry, Chow Mein, Beef Risotto, Chicken Tikka, Chicken Supreme, Vegetable Curry, Mexican Chilli and Paella all to choose from. Single portion packs are priced around 95p, or if you can find a friend whose prepared to share one, a generous serving pack costs around £1.55.

Test your knowledge of foreign food and associated interesting information by answering these flavour-some questions. There's a Vesta meal (water not included) for the first 10 correct entries out of our hat.

1. Sensible Italians avoid standing too close to the precarious leaning tower of Pisa. And they'd probably keep a similar distance from Vesta's Beef Risotto. The tower weighs 14,453 tonnes. That's the equivalent of how many generous serving packs of Vesta Beef Risotto?

- (a) 200,243 (b) 2,577,803 (c) 83,543,352

2. The famous Mexican ruins of Chichen Itza date back to 432 AD. If appearances are anything to go by the ingredients of Vesta's Mexican Chilli could be equally ancient. This delicious meal takes just 15 minutes to cook. Working non-stop, how many meals could you have cooked, stirring occasionally, in the years since Chichen Itza was built?

- (a) 54,802,560 (b) 282,771,096 (c) 2,437

3. Shiva is one of the three ancient Hindu God's. It is said that he bravely swallowed poison from the serpent Vasuki in order to save the world. Whether he'd have been prepared to swallow a Vesta Vegetable Curry is another question. But supposing he picked a packet up in the supermarket with each of his hands - to examine the ingredients - how many packs would he be holding?

- (a) Two (b) Four (c) Six

4. Chicken Supreme is as French as the Eiffel Tower. And the Vesta variety is about as edible. Which famous Frenchman designed the Eiffel tower?

- (a) Charles Aznavour (b) Eric Cantona
- (c) Alexandre Gustave Eiffel

Send your answers on a post card to the address below. Then cross your fingers and hope you don't win. Otherwise a tasty Vesta meal will be popping through your letter box before you have time to get out the back door.

HOW TO ENTER

Answers on a post card (or opened out fag packet to: Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Remember to include your own name and address. Sorry. It looks like there isn't no room for last issue's winners, so we'll print them next time.

THE LINE THAT CANNOT LIE

Yes **No**

Do you bumble down the street dropping sheets of paper, mumbling and forgetting who you are?

**Do you bumble
down the street
dropping sheets of
paper, mumbling
and forgetting who
you are?**

**Have you ever
been funded by
a Government
grant?**

**Have you ever
been funded by
Hugh Grant?**

**Have you ever
looked down a gun-
barrel as someone
tried to muscle in
on your action?**

Have you ever looked down a microscope to study the action of a muscle?

Is your car 40 feet long, pink and furry inside?

Do you wear big chrome sunglasses with holes in the arms, even at night?

Do you wear small wire rimmed glasses on top of your head and spend most of the day looking for them?

Does your brain weigh more than 4 pounds?

**Does your
jewellery weigh
more than you do?**

Have you ever been shot by David Soul dressed as a motorcycle cop?

Have you ever pushed a woman up against a wall and taken a roll of dollar bills out of her bra?

Is the brim of your hat more than four foot across?

Could you assemble Kipp's apparatus for the production of hydrogen sulphide?

Have you ever removed the top of a monkey's head with a scalpel?

**Have you ever
been hit on the
back of the head
with a pool cue?**

Do you prefer
'wacky wacky' funk
guitar to Bavarian
oompah music?

**Do you employ
upwards of
twenty women?**

Do any of them wear lab coats?

Do you spend some of your time weighing out powders in a laboratory?

Do you spend some of your time weighing out powders in a laboratory?

**Do you ever put
your arms into the
sleeves of your
coat?**

**Did you ever share
Marilyn Monroe's**

ue scientist. You
elf in a laboratory
ntless search for

of life itself could
beware.

**Do you have
several biros and a
spatula in your
pocket?**

Do you have several high ranking police officers in your pocket?

**Have you ever split
the atom?**

Have you ever split the scene when the going got too hot?

Do you think that the speed of light is absolute and indeed the only universal constant

Do you think the city is bone dry and that something big is going down ?

Congratulations! You are a true scientist. You think nothing of locking yourself in a laboratory for weeks on end in your relentless search for knowledge. You are absent minded, loveable and probably bald on top. However, you have a darker side to your nature, a side that wants to meddle in things you don't understand. Tampering with the very fabric of life itself could be your downfall, so beware.

What it is, bro! You're a pimp my man! You're the most baddest arsed motherfucker in the hood. With your cool dude attitude, a car as big as a tennis court and more bitches than Crufts, you strut down the street like a peacock, cutting the meanest silhouette on the Lower East Side. But watch your back. You think you're in charge but some of your ladies may be holding out on you.

MR. LOGIC

HE'S A PAIN IN THE ARSE

FUENGEROLA, AUGUST 14th 1975...

HEY, NO, HEY, ANYTIME PAL... WHEN WE GET BACK YOU CAN COME ROUND TO MY PLACE ANYTIME, I'LL GIVE YOU ME ADDRESS... YOU CAN STOP... I'D LOVE TO SEE YOU LARRY!



BIRMINGHAM, DECEMBER 24th 1996...

DING! DONG!



HELLO. CAN I HELP YOU?

I HAVE COME AROUND AS YOU SUGGESTED.



PURSUANT YOUR KIND OFFER OF AUGUST 14th 1975.

SORRY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND... WHAT? ...WHO ARE YOU?



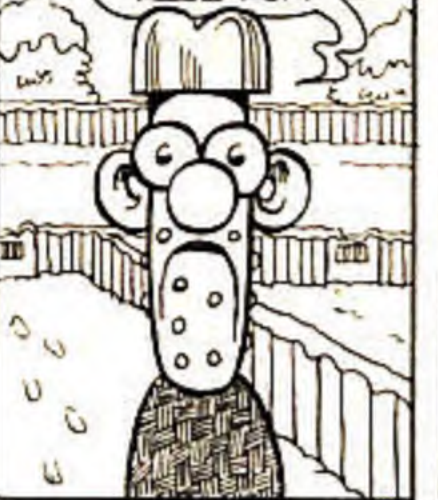
QUOTE, "YOU CAN COME ROUND TO MY PLACE ANYTIME... YOU CAN STOP?"



ARE YOU SAYING THAT YOU'RE SOMEBODY I MET ON HOLIDAY MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS AGO? HOW THE HELL DID YOU FIND ME? I'VE LIVED ALL OVER THE PLACE SINCE THE SEVENTIES.



A SIMPLE CROSS-REFERENCED SWEEP OF 21 YEARS OF ELECTORAL ROLLS OF THE BRITISH ISLES ALLOWED ME TO PINPOINT YOU AFTER ONLY EIGHTEEN MONTHS OF RESEARCH.



EXCUSE ME. I AM RATHER TIRED, AND I WOULD LIKE TO SETTLE DOWN FOR THE EVENING NOW.



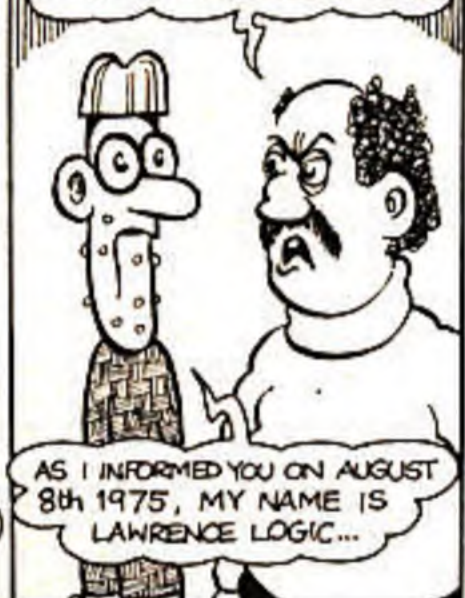
WHERE WILL I BE SLEEPING?



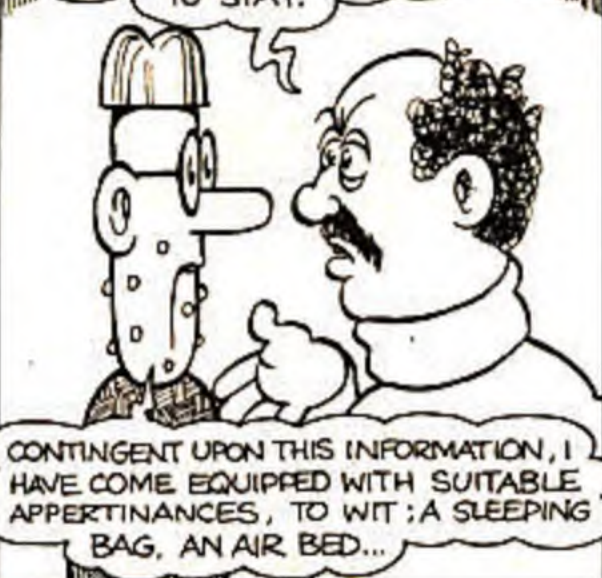
IT'S OKAY LOVE I'LL DEAL WITH HIM. IT'S NOT OKAY IN MY BOOKS. WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON?



LISTEN YOU, WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS, THIS JUST ISN'T CONVENIENT, WE DON'T EVEN HAVE A SPARE BED ANYWAY.



LISTEN. IT'S ALL WELL AND GOOD YOU COMING ROUND SOMETIME, BUT I MEAN...IT'S CHRISTMAS, AND WE REALLY HAVE NOWHERE FOR YOU TO STAY.



NO! NO! LOOK, WE DON'T HAVE ANY ROOM, DON'T YOU SEE?!



I AM ASSUMING THESE ARE STANDARD 18 INCH SQUARE CARPET TILES AND THEREFORE ADEQUATE SPACE IS DEMONSTRABLY PRESENT FOR THE AFORESAID NARCOLEPTIC PROSTRATANTION.



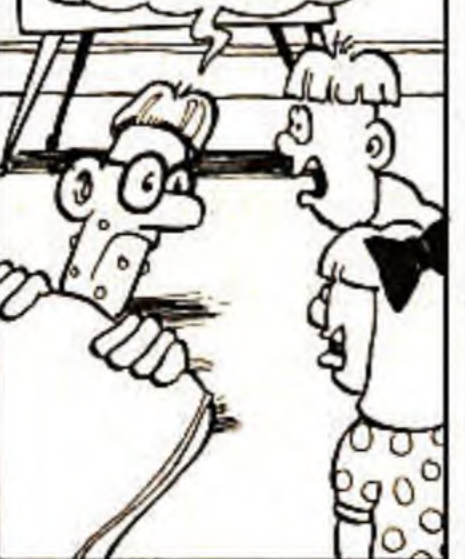
THERE, MY POINT IS PROVEN.



NO. NO. YOU CAN'T SWEEP THERE. SANTA IS COMING DOWN THE CHIMLEY AND IF YOU SEE HIM HE WILL GO AWAY.



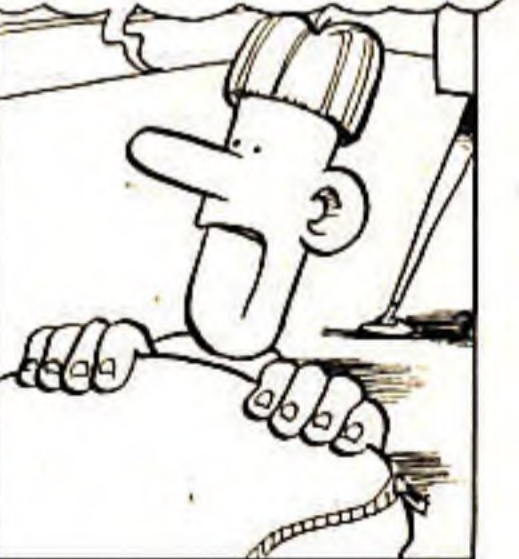
ON THE CONTRARY. I KNOW THAT HE IS NOT. THERE IS NO SUCH PERSON AS SANTA CLAUS. YOUR PARENTS HAVE NOT TOLD YOU THE TRUTH.



COULD I REITERATE THAT I WISH TO GO TO SLEEP NOW. PLEASE GO AND FETCH ME SOME TISSUES.



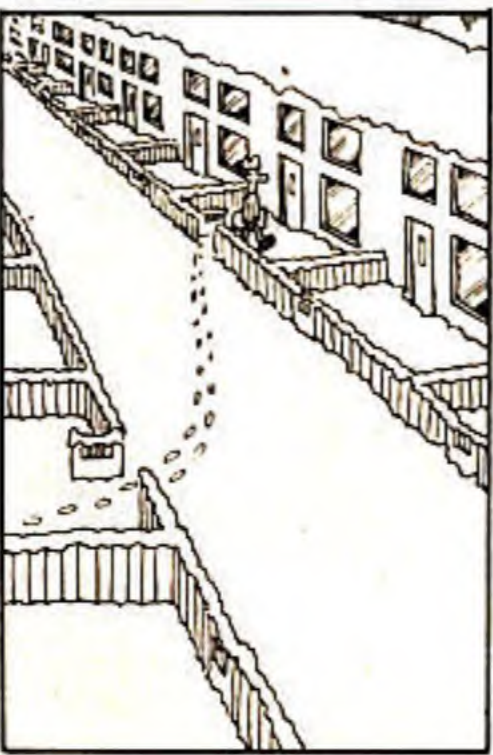
I HAVE NOT MASTURBATED FOR SEVENTY-THREE HOURS AND AS A CONSEQUENCE THERE IS AN 82% CHANCE THAT I WILL EXPERIENCE A NOCTURNAL EMISSION BEFORE 6am.



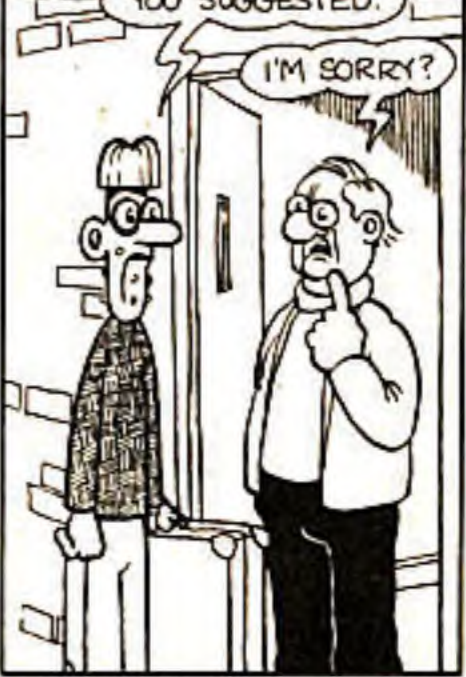
WAAAAH!



SLAM!



I HAVE COME AROUND AS YOU SUGGESTED.



PURSUANT YOUR KIND OFFER OF JULY 2nd 1977, IN MARBELLA



TYPHOON OF THE TRENCHES

BRITONS



Gifted centre forward Tommy Typhoon had given up his dream of playing professional football for Accrington Accademicals when he answered the call to serve King and Country in the great war of 1914

Tommy's regiment, The King's Own Cannon Fodders had been pinned down by the Germans in a muddy trench in France for three years. Blinded by shellshock, Tommy fought on regardless.



For everyone, the highlight of the war was the annual England v. Germany soccer match that took place each Christmas Eve. For 90 minutes each year, sworn enemies would bury their differences and battle it out on the football pitch.



Rotten luck Tommy. Stan Collywobble's an automatic choice at number nine. Maybe next year, eh?



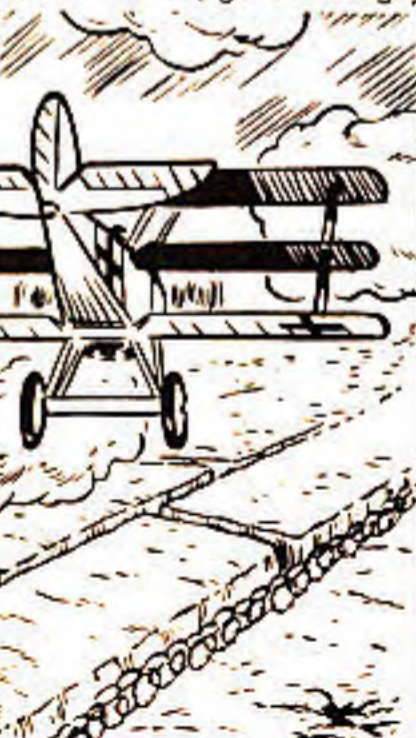
Captain Stan Collywobble was unpopular amongst his colleagues, for in all his three years in the trenches, he had never once gone over the top.



In the German trench, team manager Bertie Beckenbauer watched with interest...



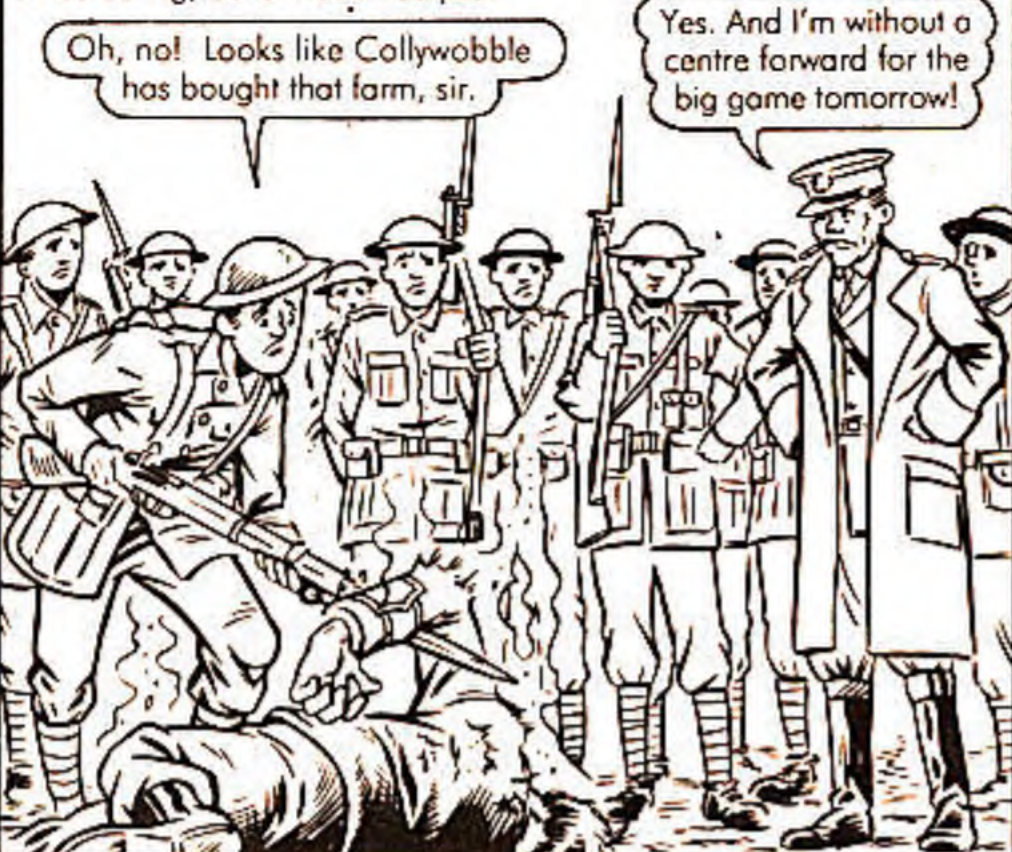
At that moment, the unmistakable shape of Baron von Klinshoffen in his Fucker Stoot Tri-plane swept out of the sun, guns blazing.



Collywobble was caught like a rat in a trap as the crackshot Kraut emptied his payload into the trench below.



The troops returned from over the top to find their star striker a smouldering, bullet ridden corpse.



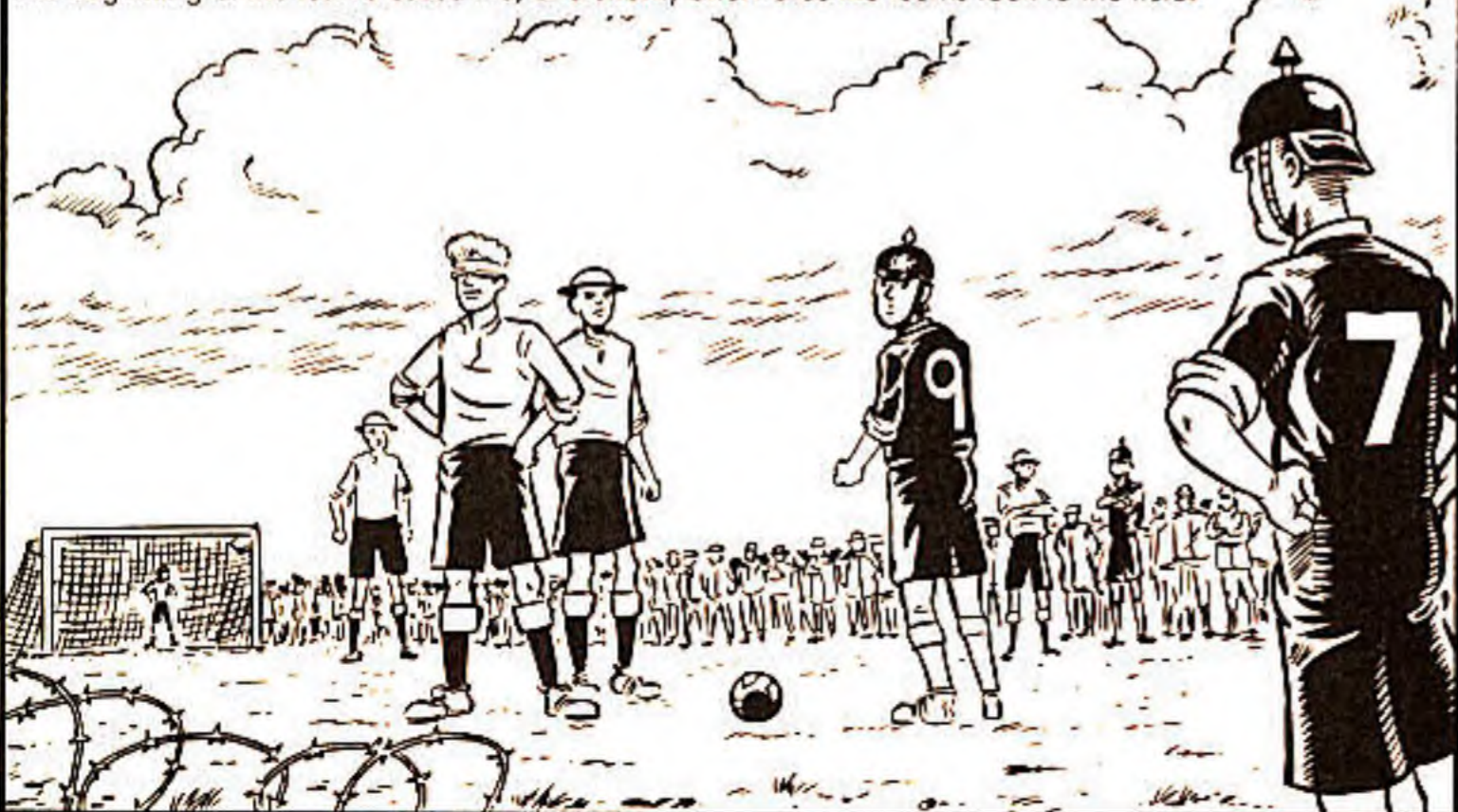
I'll take his place sir!



I don't care, sir. My boots are my eyes. I can see with my feet. Eyes or no eyes... I can do it!



And so it was that on Christmas Eve, 1917, Tommy Typhoon was given his big chance. A siren heralded the beginning of the festive cease fire, and shortly afterwards the teams took to the field.



But the game began badly for Tommy...



Damn. I knew the boy Typhoon would struggle.



Conditions were not conducive to open, attractive football and both teams struggled to string fluid attacking moves together.



It was a day for the long ball, with both teams playing the percentage game.



But with mud up to three feet deep in places, attempts on goal were few and far between.



After a disappointing ninety minutes the game remained goal-less, when suddenly...



England were one spot kick away from the greatest football victory in the history of World War One. It would take a brave man indeed to step forward and take this, the most important penalty kick in history.

Come on then, lads. We need a volunteer

No thanks!

Sorry mate. Not likely.

Rather you than me



One by one Tommy's team mates shunned the challenge.

In the absence of volunteers, Tommy bravely stepped forward to take the kick himself...

My god! If he misses, it will haunt him for the rest of his life.



...but as he ran towards the spot, the luckless Tommy stood on a land mine.

AAAARGH!



When the dust settled...

It's your crucial ligament, Tommy. It's gone completely. You'll be out for six to eight weeks.

Someone else will have to take the penalty...



No. Tommy had started to take the penalty, so only he can finish it.

But...

Don't worry, sir. I can do it!



All eyes were on Tommy as once again he prepared to take the kick.

Good luck, Tommy. God be with you.

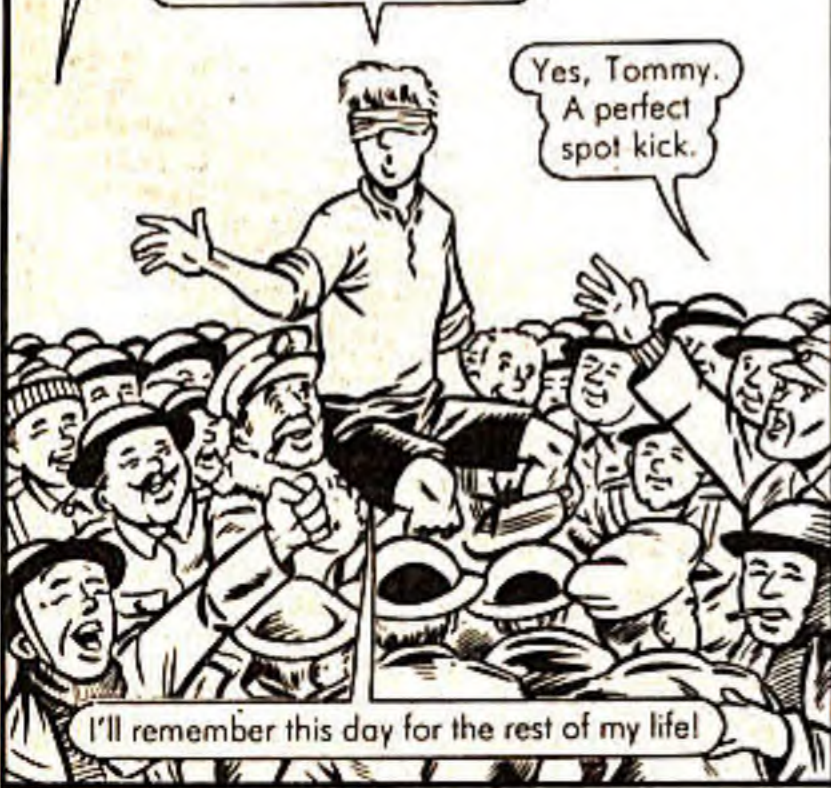
You heff to admire ze Englander's spunk.



Hooray! Hooray for Tommy!

Did I score? Did it go in.

Yes, Tommy. A perfect spot kick.



I'll remember this day for the rest of my life!

Of the winning England eleven, only Tommy Typhoon survived to tell the tale. For under strict military law his ten team mates who had shirked the responsibility of taking the vital spot kick were - quite rightly - court martialled for cowardice in the face of the enemy. They were shot on Boxing Day 1917, and buried in an unmarked grave.



Blind, and with only one leg, Tommy Typhoon was sent home to spend the rest of the war in the care of his family. Sadly he was arrested at Dover by military police and shot as a deserter due to an administrative hiccup.

To this day his grave, in the shadow of Accrington Accademicals football ground, is a shrine for fans of football and World War One alike.



THE END

HOBBY HORSE

DUE TO A CLERICAL ERROR AT THE SPERM BANK, YOUNG NOBBY DOBBS HAD BEEN BORN WITH THE HEAD OF A HORSE

IT'S THE SCHOOL DISCO TONIGHT READERS, AND I'M SO LOOKING FORWARD TO IT. IT'LL BE GREAT FUN

I'M GOING TO ASK CLARE WILLIAMS FOR A DANCE, BECAUSE I FANCY HER. SHE'S GOT A REALLY PRETTY SMILE

BUT SORRY NOBBY, BUT I CAN'T ALLOW YOU INTO THE DISCO WITH THAT FREAKISH HORSE'S FACE OF YOURS. YOU WOULD SIMPLY SPOIL THE OTHER KIDS' ENJOYMENT

YOU SEE, EVERYONE IS REPULSED BY YOUR HORSE-LIKE APPEARANCE. NOBODY LIKES YOU, AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT

IF I WERE YOU, SON, I'D JUST RESIGN MYSELF TO A LIFE OF UTTER SOLITUDE, AND NEVER EVER HAVING ANY FRIENDS...

...EVER.

CRIMMINY! A LIFE WITHOUT EVER HAVING ANY FRIENDS!

HOW ON EARTH AM I GOING TO SPEND ALL THOSE ENDLESS DAYS ON MY OWN, WITH NO ONE TO TALK TO?

I KNOW...

I'LL FIND MYSELF A HOBBY INSTEAD

STAMP-COLLECTING SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD LAUGH. I'LL GIVE IT A TRY. AHHEM! HERE GOES...

POST OFFICE SERVICES
ONE FIRST CLASS STAMP PLEASE
THAT'S TWENTY SIX PEE

SUCCESS! WHAT A MAGNIFICENT START TO MY COLLECTION

POST OFFICE
HELLO. I'M A FELLOW STAMP COLLECTOR. ISN'T THAT A 1996 TWENTYSIXPENNY ORANGE?
YES!

SNATCH!

RIP SHRED TEAR

THERE, BY DESTROYING YOUR STAMP, I'VE INCREASED THE RARITY VALUE OF MY OWN COLLECTION

THANKS LAD. YOU'VE JUST MADE ME CONSIDERABLY RICHER

PERHAPS GARDENING WILL BE A MORE REWARDING HOBBY. WHO KNOWS? I COULD BECOME THE NEXT ALAN TITCHMARSH

EXCEPT WITHOUT BEING QUITE SUCH A TWAT, HOPEFULLY

ONE WEEK LATER

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE MINIATURE JAPANESE 'BONSAI' TREE WHAT I'VE GROWN?

IT WAS NEIGH PROBLEM FOR SOMEONE WITH MY 'HORSE-SENSE'

EXCUSE ME. I'M FROM THE MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT

WE'VE JUST DECIDED TO BUILD A ROAD OVER THE TOP OF YOUR TREE

WHUMP!

THERE, THAT SHOULD EASE A BIT OF TRAFFIC CONGESTION

BAH!

I'VE DECIDED TO BE AN AUTOGRAPH HUNTER INSTEAD

NOW I JUST NEED TO FIND SOMEONE FAMOUS WHOM I CAN BECOME FANATICALLY OBSESSED WITH

AHA, THERE'S MRS TIMMS FROM THE CORNER SHOP

CORNER SHOP
SHE'S A LEADING LIGHT IN THE LOCAL AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY

YES NOBBY, WHAT CAN I GET YOU?

I'D LIKE A SIGNED GLOSSY PHOTO OF YOU PLEASE, MRS TIMMS
I'M GOING TO PIN IT UP ON MY BEDROOM WALL. THEN I'M GOING TO HUNT YOU DOWN AND KILL YOU

TCH. TYPICAL. IT'S WE, THE FANS, WHO MAKE THEM INTO STARS - AND HOW DO THEY REPAY US?

WITH A CLIP ROUND THE EAR, THAT'S HOW!

LATER
I'M GOING TO TEACH MYSELF HOW TO MAKE BALLOON ANIMALS

THIS SHOULD STRETCH MY CREATIVE CAPACITIES TO THEIR LIMITS

WHOOOPS!

POP!
MY BALLOON'S BURST

CRASH

PLASTER AIRLINES

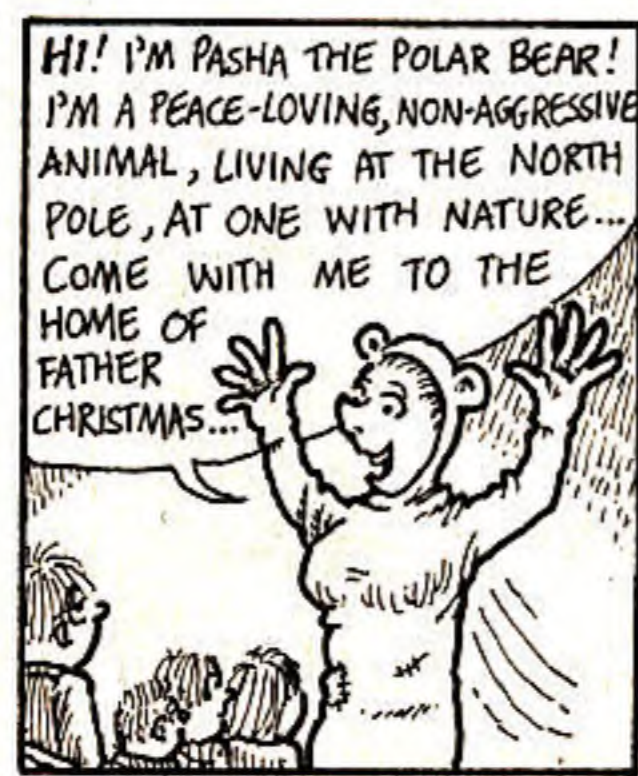
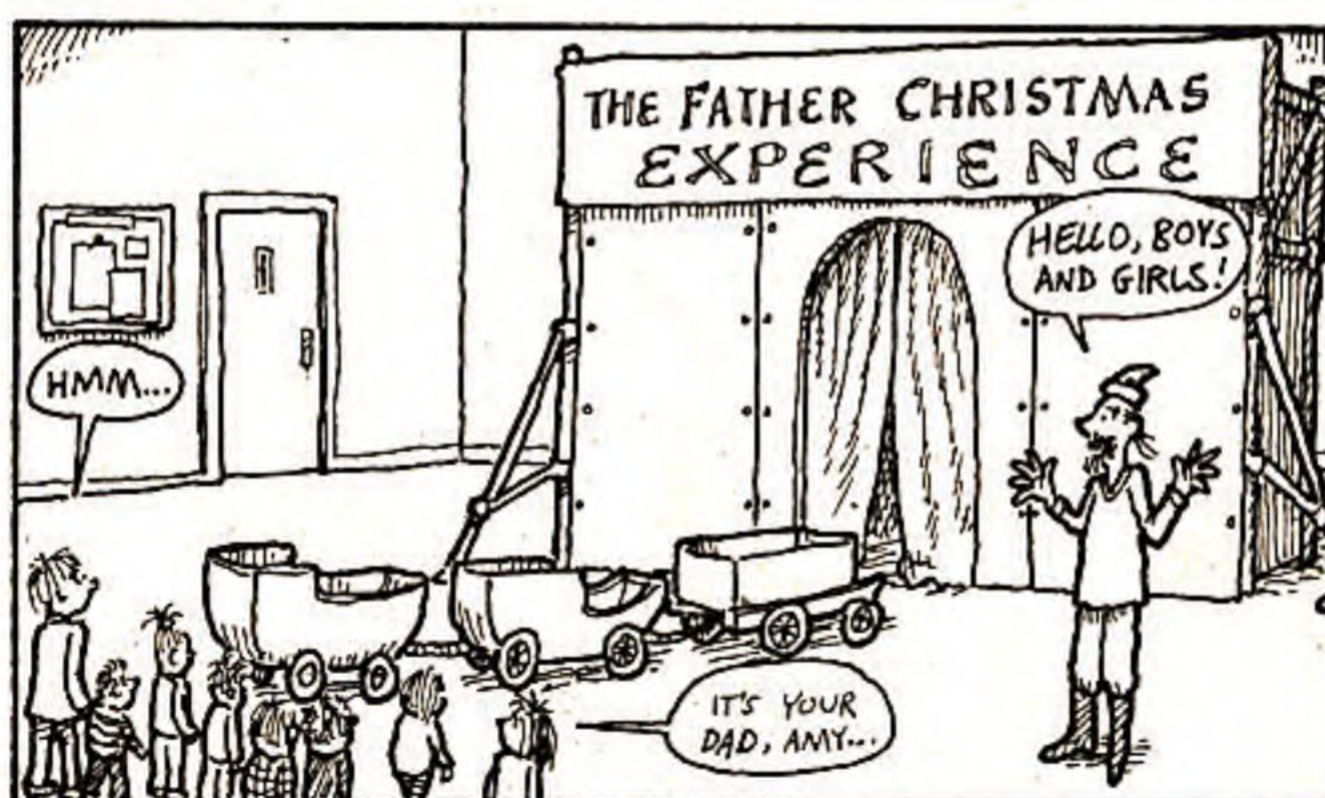
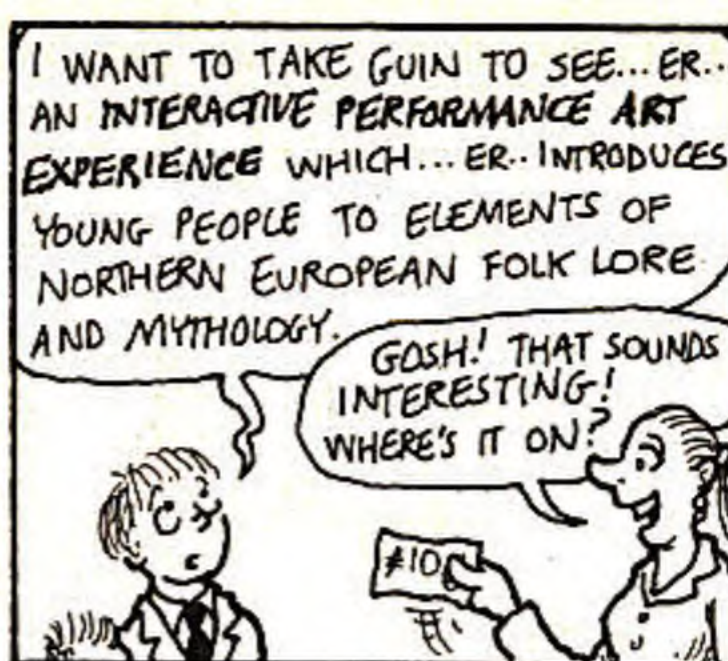
THE NOISE MADE BY YOUR BALLOON POPPING HAS CAUSED MY PASSENGER JET TO FALL TO PIECES, AND PLUMMET TO THE GROUND

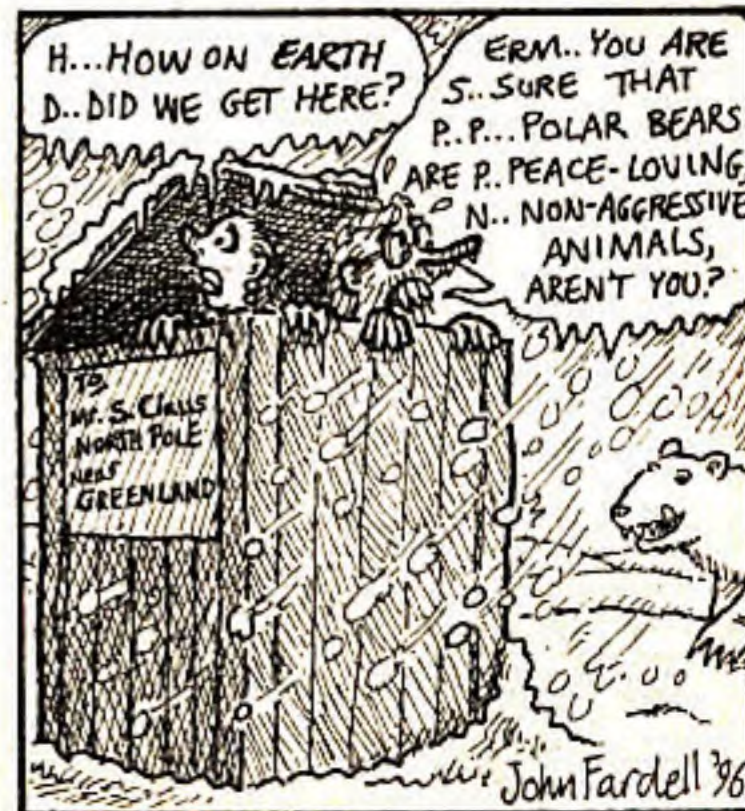
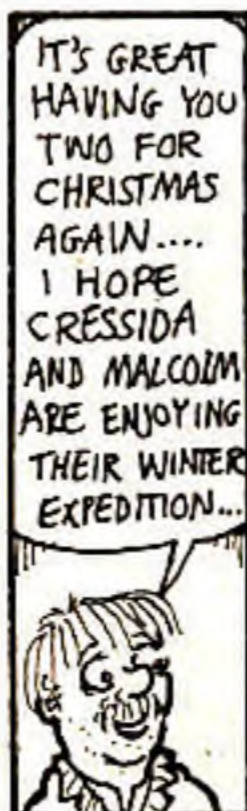
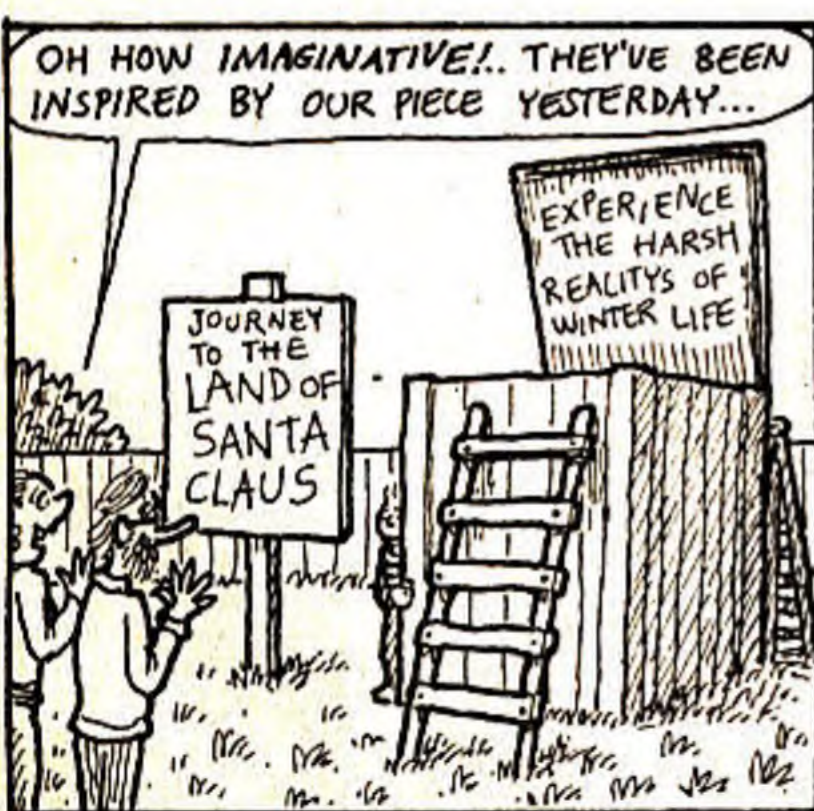
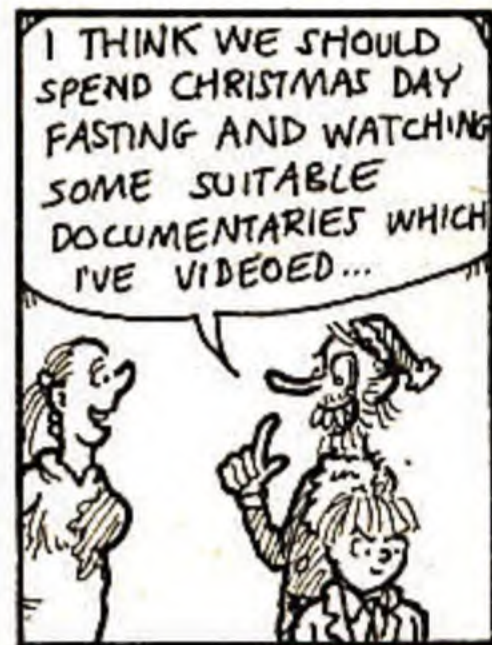
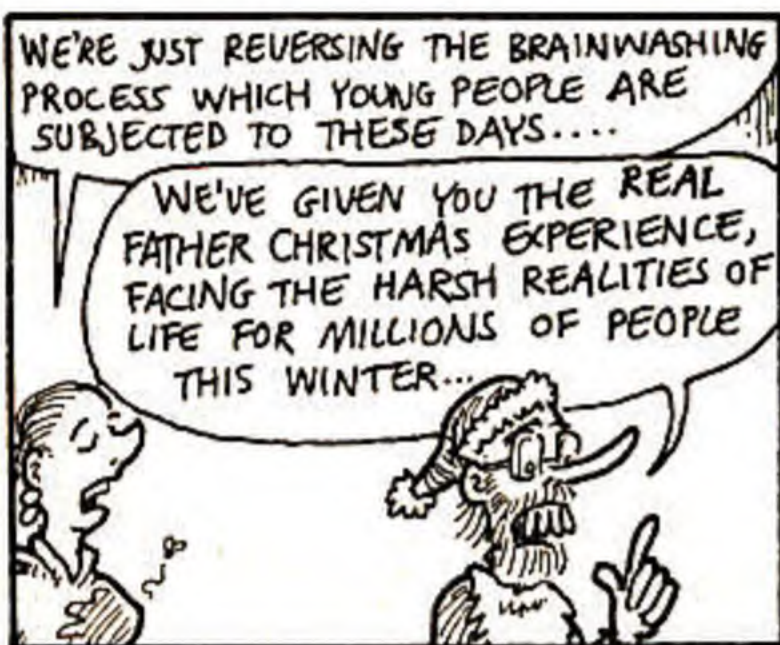
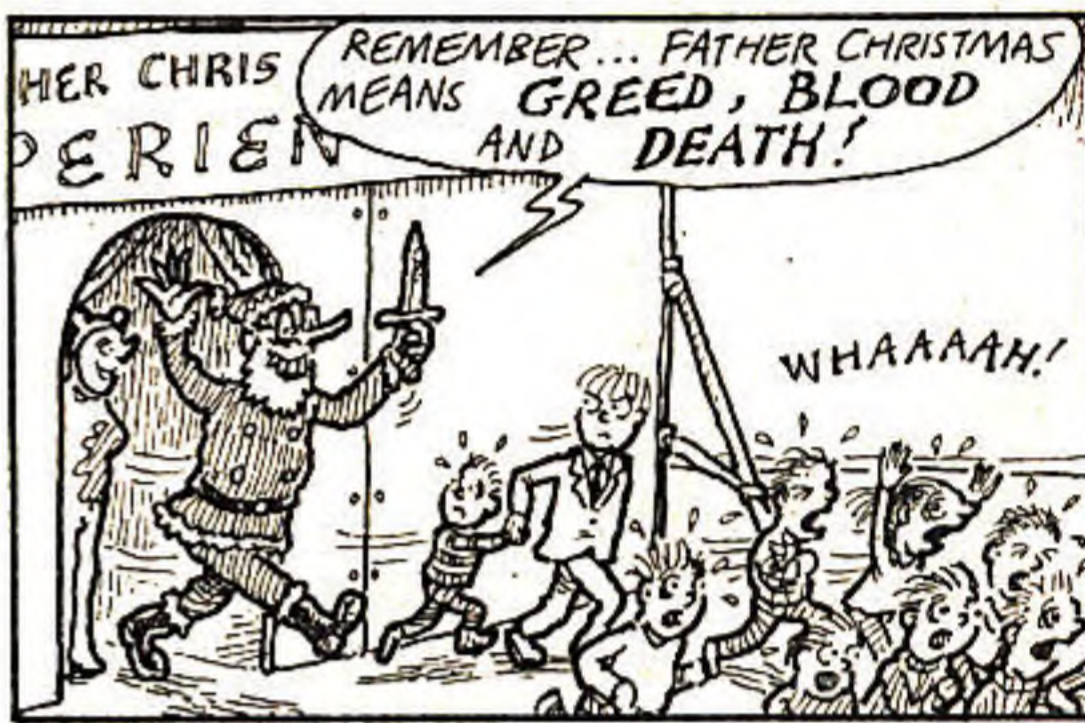
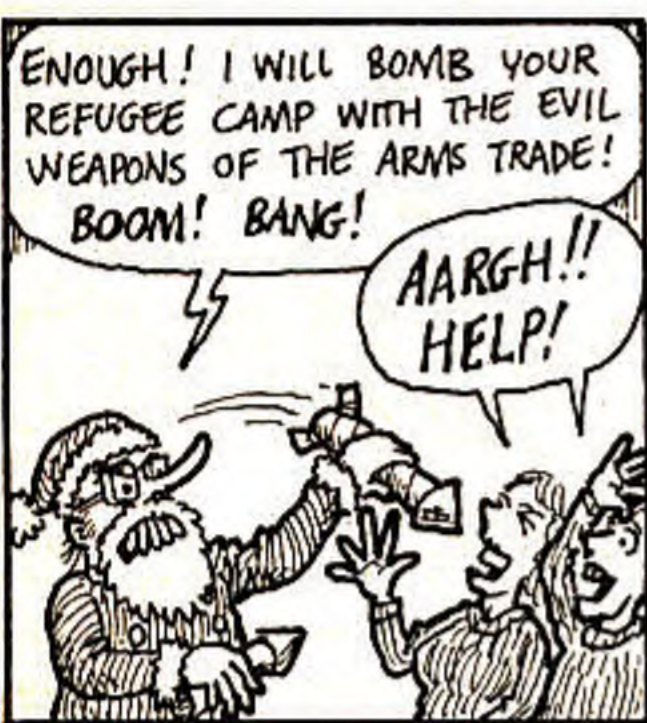
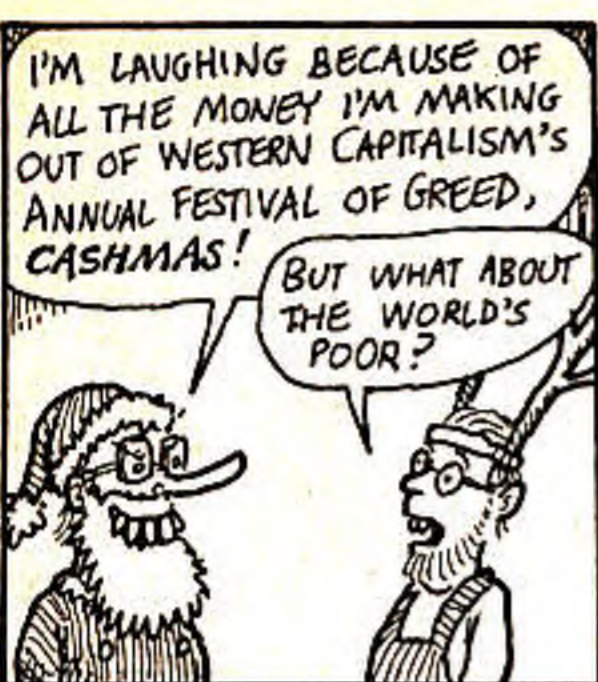
WELL YOU CAN BLIMMING WELL JUST STICK THAT AEROPLANE BACK TOGETHER AGAIN

AT LAST I'VE FOUND THE PERFECT HOBBY, READERS. THIS REAL-LIFE GIANT SIZE "AIRFIX MODEL KIT" WILL KEEP ME OCCUPIED FOR AGES

GLUE
NOW, WHICH WAY UP DO THE WINGS GO AGAIN, MR PILOT?

The MODERN PARENTS





Film Fun
presents
Ben Turpin
in
**PRIME
SUSPECT**
6

